

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 5, 1966

40 CENTS

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Next week

THE PRO FOOTBALL ISSUE
Scouting reports copiously illustrated with color photographs of the stars tell the strengths, weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of all the National and American Football League teams. A special story on the exciting Chicago Bears reveals why Rudy Belach could be the best quarterback in the game. Tex Maule analyzes the trends of an eventful year and forecasts the order of finish at the NFL, while Edwin Strake picks the AFL race. Plus regular weekly news and features.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

With this issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the circulation department is inaugurating a new procedure to increase the speed with which we reach one group of our subscribers, those in the northwestern United States and British Columbia. In the future, copies of the magazine bound for this area will be airlifted by a cargo jet from Los Angeles to Seattle, and then mailed from there to Washington and British Columbia addresses for arrival many hours earlier than has been customary.

To insure efficient distribution, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has long been printed in three different cities in the U.S. About half of our 1,320,000 copies are printed in Chicago, where two presses, each 100 feet long and weighing 200 tons, begin to run at 6 a.m. on Tuesdays for distribution of the magazine by truck and by train, throughout a region that ranges from the Rio Grande up into the Midwest and Canada. The other half of the job is divided between plants in Washington, D.C. and Los Angeles, for shipment to parts of the Northeast and all of the West Coast, respectively.

East Coast distribution presents no insurmountable problems, but transportation to the Pacific Northwest has become increasingly difficult. Los Angeles is no farther from the state of Washington than Chicago is from Montana but, while train service west out of Chicago is still fine, the service north from Los Angeles has dwindled to a trickle, the trickle being essentially Southern Pacific's No. 12 out of Oakland, Calif., one of only two trains that leave daily for the Northwest. When this magazine began there were several trains

a day leaving Los Angeles for points north, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was shipped out on some of the fastest and most luxurious rolling stock ever built—trains equipped with elegant Pullman sleepers and telephone service. They had dining cars that were fancifully named and exquisitely appointed. Copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED arrived not only in style but quickly. Now curtailment of such service has led to the decision to fly the magazine north, assuring its prompt arrival.

The percentage of our subscribers living in Washington and British Columbia is relatively small, and the airlift is expensive. But Time Inc. has a continuing concern with the fastest possible delivery of its magazines. We have always worked closely with the postal authorities and were among the first to convert all mailing labels to include ZIP codes for more efficient handling. The company is well represented at the annual Post Office convention, where we confer with postmasters from Medicine Bow, Wyo. and Pea Ridge, Ark. about ways to improve our traffic system.

There isn't much use in trying to publish a good magazine unless you make a corresponding effort to put it quickly into the hands of the people who want to read it. The Northwest airlift is simply the latest move in our continuing effort to streamline delivery.



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which cord gives a tire the best directional stability and roadability at higher speeds—rayon or nylon?



Tom McCahill finds out the hard way...it's RAYON!

American Viscose recently asked Tom McCahill, internationally known car-handling authority, to test tire performance during quick lane changes at speeds of 35, 45, 60 and 70 mph.

Four different cars were used during the test and matched sets of tires were tested on each of the cars. One set was made with rayon cord, the other with nylon cord. McCahill was not told which tires he was driving on during any of the tests.

Here are the highlights of Tom McCahill's statement: "... At speeds of 60 and 70 mph, differences in

directional stability and roadability were very marked. Nylon, which handles very well at lower speeds, seems to get definitely worse as the speedometer climbs. However, rayon cord tires appear to give definitely better control as the speed goes up."

The McCahill tests were performed as part of a continuing test program which American Viscose has been conducting in connection with the development of DYNACOR* rayon—the new tire cord that provides a combination of durability and stability unmatched by any other tire cord... even nylon.

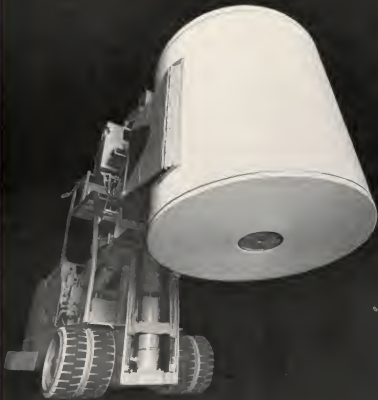
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BOOKTALK

George Washington splunked here—or so it says on the wall of a certain cave

At the age of 16 George Washington was not yet the Father of His Country, but if his signature, under which the date 1748 appears, cut into the wall of a cave in Virginia, is authentic, he may well have been one of the earliest splunkers in American history. William R. Halliday, author of *Depths of the Earth* (Harper & Row, \$7.50), thinks there is little reason to doubt that young George was there. His signature was discovered as early as 1833, and the cave is on property once owned by the elder Washingtons. In 1784 Thomas Jefferson published the first map of any cave in the U.S. in his *Notes on the State of Virginia* and subsequently recorded his study of the bones of a "great cat" excavated from Organ Cave. It turned out to be the remains of a giant ground sloth, extinct some 8,600 years. Andrew Jackson's signature, dated 1814, which turned up in the Ruby Falls Cave near Chattanooga, Tenn., is judged to be a forgery or, perhaps, suggests the author, "a leftover election sign." At any rate, our early Presidents seem to have had a thing about caves long before crawling into a deep hole became recognized as the science of speleology. Caves have as many distinguishing characteristics as the men who seriously explore (or exploit) them. There are the Bat Caves of Texas, Arkansas and Missouri; the Breathing and Blowing Caves of Virginia; the Wind Cave of South Dakota; Minnesota's Mystery Cave and literally hundreds of others buried under our land.

Caves consistently give up relics of the past that tell us much of American history. The War of 1812, with the U.S. short of gunpowder because of the British blockade, might have ended differently had it not been for the tons of saltpeter excavated from Kentucky's Mammoth Cave. Melrose Cavern in the Shenandoah Valley once sheltered Union soldiers who "amused themselves by shooting down sialacities and gracefully fluted draperies; scars and neatly aligned bullet holes are still visible today." In the Southeast "many a startled southern Appalachian caver has been forced at gunpoint to gulp down a gift of raw rogut to establish his bona fides," and though moonshining is a minor theme in the story of southeastern caves, caves are, after all, nature's own stills.

History aside, Dr. Halliday, like any dedicated speleologist, is looking for answers to the age-old questions: Which cave is the largest, the smallest, the longest, the deepest, the most beautiful . . . ? No facet that comes to mind has been ignored, not even the problems of bats, to which a full chapter is devoted. "Do not disturb hibernating bats." We wouldn't think of it, Doctor.

—JEANETTE BRUCE



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You and your family are now invited

to borrow a copy of THE SEA as your introduction to the LIFE Nature Library.

To bring you this book, TIME-LIFE Books mobilized skilled teams of writers, photographers, artists and researchers, headed by the late prize-winning science writer Leonard Engel. The result is a virtual encyclopedia of the sea—190 pages (8½ x 11 inches each), 192 glittering photographs, paintings, maps, drawings and charts (68 of them in full color). In it, the immensity, variety and allure of the sea emerge clearly.

You find a fabulous harvest of "nodules" scattered on the ocean floor—great patches of potato-size lumps rich in iron, nickel, cobalt and manganese (Through some unknown process, nodules form around sharks' teeth and whales' ear bones. And there they lie—a fortune just for the taking!)

You board the bathyscaph *Trieste* as it plunges into the blackness of the deepest-known trench on earth, seven miles below sea level. You join in mapping the longest known mountain-range in the world. Newly discovered, it runs for 40,000 miles—entirely underwater.

You see an incredible profusion of living things. For the sea—alone of all earthly environments—contains every single one of the 22 major forms of life on our planet. You catch the living specimen of a giant fish thought to be extinct for 50 million years. You examine the larva of an eel-like creature whose adult form no human has yet seen. (The size of the larva shows the adult may be 90 feet long!)

You take part in an exciting hunt for clues to the origins of life itself—in the sediment that blankets the ocean bottom. In some places it is 2½ miles thick and may have lain undisturbed for billions of years.

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SCORECARD

THE PORTABLE PULPIT

Muhammad Cassius Clay Ali, the wandering wallower, is off again, this time to Frankfurt, where he is to fight that world-famous German heavy, Karl Whatahisname. Since his status as a potential soldier is still in a sort of legal limbo, Ali left the Kentucky State Appeals Board with a new reason why he should not be drafted. "I have," he told them consecutiously, "been ministering around the country."

Ali made this latest legal feint at a special 3½-hour hearing on the matter in Louisville. Actually, he has been a Muslim minister for two years, Ali said, taking out two hours a day for training. This role was never publicized, he said, but Mr. (Hayden) Covington, his new attorney, noticed it. The board then gave Ali permission to leave the country and retired to ponder the appeal.

The hearing "set me back mentally and makes it harder to train," said Ali immediately after it concluded. Still he would like to fight in two-month cycles—say, Cleveland Williams November 10 in the Houston Astrodome and WBA champion Ernie Terrell, if Terrell is not too old by that time, about January 10. And with that Ali went weakly to a nearby restaurant, where he ministered to a cheese sandwich, steak, lima beans, a salad, lemonade, a pudding and a piece of butterscotch meringue pie.

THE DEADLY GRASS

The tragedy started as just another small summer horse show at the Acredale Ring in College Park, Md. The riders were mainly home-town amateurs, and some of them, while waiting for their classes on the hot Sunday afternoon, let their horses graze. Then suddenly, in the middle of one class, Gaines Tyler's palomino mare Brandy dropped dead in the ring. Within minutes other horses were stricken, and the toll by last weekend was 13 dead. The loss was incalculable, from family pets to \$5,000 show horses.

Cause was quickly traced: the grass

around the ring had been sprayed with a powerful weed killer containing arsenic. Labels on the containers had clearly warned: "Keep livestock and domestic animals off treated area." But somehow nobody had been informed about the spraying.

Distraught owners blamed the Maryland-National Capital Park and Planning Commission, commissioners blamed the manufacturer of the spray, and the manufacturer blamed the grounds keepers just the sort of foolish, extra-legal round robin that occurs in such cases.

Little good can come now from trying to pin the blame. The grounds should not have been sprayed just before a show. Or, if sprayed, they should have been posted. Either way, the tragedy of College Park, against the background of increasing use of chemicals, will serve as a grim warning for the future.

HOW TO COOK A HALPBRECK

For years it went this way: 1) Kent State University would issue its annual football brochure, and 2) sportswriters would promptly throw it away and then call with questions on material already covered in the booklet. "I have felt for years," Sports Information Director Paul Schlemmer said sadly, "they weren't reading it." This year Schlemmer, who has a deserved reputation as a gourmet cook, devised an attention-getting device.

In the middle of the 1966 book—in with the team pictures, lineups and statistics—are five special pages. Predictions on games to come? Secret plays? Nope. Just recipes for Schlemmer's own specialties—pork balls with fruited noodles, Hawaiian bologna buns and chicken Saigon.

THE RPM RUNNERS

First take a car. Then hook this handlebar device on the back bumper, let someone hang onto it and take off around the track—one driving and the other running for dear life. The result, a bet-

ter runner, a trackman whose swinging, clean strides will beat everybody for miles around.

The thing works at Bangor (Pa.) Area High School, where it is lopping seconds off everything from the 100-yard dash through the 880, and where the school's runners won 31 of 32 events last season. In fact the Pacer—called a "speed improvement device" by Track Coach Charles M. Sandwick Jr.—has been working such training wonders that one college has bought its own and several others are looking it over.

Understand, the Pacer does not teach runners, Sandwick insists. Rather, it forces trackmen to run straighter, it stretches leg muscles and lengthens strides by as much as six inches. The trick is in driving the car properly—one-half second faster than the runner's best recorded 50-yard-dash time.

Retired Insurance Salesman Mark Shuttleworth invented and patented the



Pacer, then sold Sandwick on it. Small wonder, since one runner tried it and cut his time from 11.2 seconds for the 100 to an average of 10.4 and hit 9.9 in an AAU meet. Others did as well.

The Pacer psychology is that runners get to feeling they can beat the car. Nobody has, so far. But if they ever do, Sandwick can always put that handlebar up front.

THE TROTTERING INQUIRY

On the eve of its most important event of the year, The Hambletonian, trotting last week was out of the sports sections and onto the front pages with allegations of race-fixing. Brooklyn District Attorney Aaron Koota subpoenaed 26 drivers, 27 men identified as gamblers and the race secretaries of three major

continued

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SCORECARD

New York tracks for a grand jury investigation.

Whether the facts justified the banner headlines that the subpoenas produced may not be known for months. Trotting fans turned up in normal numbers at Yonkers, but as usual seemed unaffected by the news: the usual percentage of losers hollered "fin," the winners congratulated themselves on their brilliant choices.

We hope the D.A. catches his man, or men, if there has been some fixing. And we hope the innocents who have been summoned merely as expert witnesses will be cleared with as much publicity as that which attended their subpoenas.

COUNTDOWN

Conceptually, it had to be a major breakthrough in game protection. Deputy Game Protector Ronald Hunter had the chore of counting the deer herd in Washington County, Pa. Hunter is also a parachutist. So why not combine business with pleasure and count deer while floating to earth from 5,400 feet? Because Hunter didn't see a single deer on the way down and broke his ankle in two places when he landed.

FIGHT FOR FUNDS (CONT.)

We return you now to Oakland, Calif., where the struggle to save interscholastic sports is nearing the crucial play. It is roughly third down and several civic yards to go.

Oakland is that perplexing city opposite San Francisco—in more ways than one. Last June, Oakland voted down a special bond issue that would have financed extracurricular school activities; not just sports, but also such things as drama and band (SL June 27 et seq.). Facing the prospect of several hundred kids idling in the streets—a situation made more volatile by a smoldering racial problem—the Oakland Jaycees went to work to raise the money themselves.

It has been a desperate campaign. By last week the Jaycees had collected \$6,300 and had several lively promotions planned to get more. Long-range goal is \$104,800 for sports in six high schools, but the immediate need is \$15,000 to get football going first. If football does start it will be late and without many top coaches and kids, who have been transferring away.

The drive has been exhausting. "We

are all under 35," says Jaycee Board Member Larry McNutt, who has been taking 30 hours a week from his insurance office to raise funds, "but this thing is aging us all fast."

No wonder. Such fund appeals are unusual. Most American cities traditionally support their school programs. Since a struggle of this sort obviously cannot become an annual affair, the key test will come at the November 8 election when another bid will be made to increase the school-tax share allotted to such activities.

It will be an interesting vote to watch. The Oakland Jaycees will be older. But will the Oakland voters be wiser?

COLO WARMUP

Do not be swayed by all those muscles and that vigorous bounding around. It turns out that athletes, despite their superior physical condition, may be more susceptible than nonathletes to such minor infections as coughs, fever and sniffles. And most vulnerable are swimmers and track and field performers.

The fault lies with the traditional "warmup," says German Internist Dr. Karl Franke in the *Medical World News*. The common practice of bundling in sweat suits until just before the event upsets the heating function of the athlete's capillaries—small blood vessels of the skin—so that they no longer adapt to temperature change.

Thus, when an athlete wriggles out of his sweat suit, his legs and thighs cool quickly, circulation is upset—and cold and flu viruses move in. The best way to avoid all this, says Dr. Franke, is to warm up, coldly, in the same way that one will participate. It may not be as comfortable at first, but there is nothing quite as healthy as going forth to battle with well-adapted capillaries.

URSUS IMAGINARIUS

Kerua's answer to Tibet's Abominable Snowman is the slothful Nandi bear. A recent spate of sheep stealing has revived his legend, the natives being convinced he lives on sheep and human heads, which he snatches off as people pass under trees. In fact, in the dense forests of the Nandi district, 200 miles northwest of Nairobi, the natives walk around with cooking pots on their heads in the hope that the bear will remove the pots and go away, happily thinking he has their heads. Another native belief is that the

continues

Yes.





Civilized cigar or wild cigarette?

Cigarette size. Fine cigar tobacco.
Cigarette filter. Cigar aroma.
Mild as a cigar can get.
Smoking pleasure without inhaling.
Civilized? Wild? You decide.



bear speaks three languages and joins in tribal conversations while hiding behind trees. Then he jumps out and beats the tribesmen with a big stick.

Many European settlers have also reported seeing the bear, which they claim walks upright and looks rather like a giant spotted hyena. However, according to most zoologists, the Nandi bear is merely a large animal normally seen after wild parties.

THE UNFIT GLOVE

No sooner do we reveal the existence of a golf glove loaded with metal pellets, which is supposed to give a golfer 75 more yards off the tee (SI, Aug. 15), than along comes the Balancer, a bowling glove with a one-pound weight sewn into the palm, which is supposed to balance the swing of a 16-pound bowling ball and tumble at least 20 more pins a game. We trust someone will put an end to all this before it gets back to boxing.

THE "WE WIN" ISSUE

One final word about the recent World Soccer Cup. Instead of betting on England (no sure thing), you should have put everything on the one team that functioned according to form—the post office.

Before the games England issued 140 million World Cup commemorative stamps. Good move, that. And then England won the title—surprise!—and the fun began. Caught with presses down, postal people hastily produced a new issue: 12 million new stamps looking exactly like the first—except that the words ENGLAND WINNERS were overprinted on each.

Naturally the stamps set off a rush. Philatelists ran wild; the entire issue was sold out in hours. Prices rocketed. There will be no more stamps. But there will always be a post office.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Camp, George Washington football coach, on why one of his stars didn't do well scholastically: "He is intelligent, but after eight minutes in class you could split his head open and about a thousand girls would run out."

• Herman Franks, San Francisco Giant manager, asked if he thought before the season that Gaylord Perry, Giant right-hander, would have a 20-2 record: "No, I didn't think he would lose the two games."

END



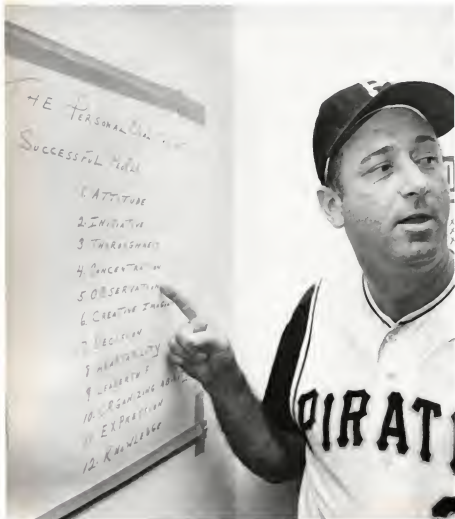
If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 9, 1966

THE VOICE OF THE



LEAGUE

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Walker's first significant adaptation took place in 1938, the day he discarded what might have been his 1,002nd theory on baseball, if it had worked. As a 20-year-old rookie outfielder with Montgomery in the Southeastern League, he was on first base when a lock-cinch double-play ball went to the second baseman. "I didn't have a chance to take the shortstop out with a slide," Harry recalls. "but I figured he couldn't throw if I went on standing up. He

name was Chosen, and he had a few words for me: 'Get the—out of the way.'"

The throw hit Walker in the Adam's apple, and he couldn't talk for three months. He has been making up for it ever since. It is said of some men that if you ask them what time it is they will tell you how to make a watch. Ask Harry and you may get Einstein's space-time-continuum theory, with diagrams. On ships or shoes or sealing wax he can expound for a nonstop hour, but it is the subject of hitting a baseball that really turns him on. Let a middle-aged baseball writer idly pick up a bat and hold it without the knuckles precisely lined up and the lecture is on.

"Now, where are my hands? And where is the fat part of the bat going to be? Ain't no way you can hit that pitch. But now, suppose I'm here, you see? If it's a slider and it moves in on me, I can give it this, because my hands are here and I'm waiting on the pitch. But the slider to a right-handed batter is something else. You know why a slider has to be low to a right-hander? Here, let me see that hat a minute. This towel here is home plate."

On and on. Matty Alou, 260 lifetime, strokes along at .341, leading the league, using a heavier bat and certain "little things" Walker taught him about hitting to left field, little things too occult for Matty to reveal. "He is one of the best," says Jose Pagan, a .342 hitter hitting .269. "I see what he do for Mateo, and I try it." So do others. Gene Alley, the nonpareil shortstop, up from .238 to .287. Manny Mota, .267 to .349. Jesse Gonder, the "lud" catcher nobody wanted, making seven hits in two days and drawing unanimous praise from a pitching staff that knows it needs all the help it can get. Willie Stargell, with a .322 average and 28 home runs, benched against left-handed pitching and accepting it with equanimity because "you can't knock success—we're winning." Alvin O'Neal McBean, the Fiftieman of the Year in 1964, taking supporting roles in relief and being happy, in a sad sort of way, "because the other guys in the bullpen are going good—and we're winning."

It is not really, for all their levity, a happy ship the Buccaneers sail. The captain stalks the deck of the dugout like a corn-pone Queen, his klaxon voice pointing out each violation of Thoroughness

(quality No. 3), Concentration (No. 4) or Decision (No. 7). Harry Walker is a big, homely sheep dog of a man, pawing desperately in his dedicated effort to be helpful on the field and friendly off it, and often making himself a pain in the neck in his overdone attempts at both. But even in his inadvertent abrasiveness there is a value that may yet raise the flag in Pittsburgh.

"We conducted a little experiment in the spring," said First Baseman Donn Clendenen. "He tried to get me to shorten my stroke; I can't hit that way. I look silly that way. It takes away my value. He wants everybody to hit like him."

Harry Walker was a left-handed Punch and Judy hitter who made 796 hits in big-league games, only 173 of them for extra bases. The zenith of his career was the double (to left center, of course) that spurred Enos Slaughter home with the winning run in the 1946 World Series. He managed the rather remarkable feat of hitting in only 41 runs while leading the NL with a .363 average in 1947. So he couldn't be much help to a big swinger like Clendenen.

"I wouldn't say no help," Clendenen said. "I have a habit of turning my head, and when I turn my head I have a tendency to strike out. Every time I do it I hear it from him. Every time. So I guess he keeps me aware of it. But, you know, sometimes when you've made a mistake you know it, and you don't need to be told. When I missed that ball in Chicago he told me I should have gone down on both knees for it. He could have waited until later if he wanted to give me a fielding lesson. The other guys on the bench knew I'd made an error."

It is a point of pride to baseball players that such criticisms not be made in front of the other players. Dick Schofield of the Yankees is still steaming from an incident last year when other players chewed him out on the bench and saved the compensatory fanny pat for a private session. "He said, 'I'm just trying to make you a better player, kid,'" Schofield says. "But in front of the other players he had said, 'The next s.o.b. who doesn't charge a ground ball, it's going to cost him money.'"

"Why not?" says Philadelphia Philie First Baseman Bill White. "If I make a mistake in my second at bat, I want to hear about it. I'm going up there two more times. What's the sense of wasting two-at-bats?" White says Walker, as a

coach with the Cardinals in 1959, corrected his batting style and saved him from shipment to the minors. "I was walking around lost," White says. "He may be the reason I'm still in the big league. I don't think those guys realize what he's done for them."

"I try to restrain myself from talking too much on the bench," Walker says, "but sometimes a hitting fault can be corrected in one swing. If you tell a guy right away what he's done wrong, he can remember it. You wait till later, he'll try to tell you you didn't see what you saw."

"Look, I don't want to hurt a guy's feelings, but I got to be the boss. I'm not running in any popularity contest. If I play Stargell against left-handers, he'll strike out two or three times out of five. I didn't like taking McBean out after he walked that one man in Chicago, but he wasn't throwing worth a damn. I got to play the guys who can win [quality No. 10: Organizing Ability], and I got to have discipline. It's like that thing in Houston. You let one guy get away with something like that and the next time it's something worse."

That thing in Houston was an argument on the mound between Walker and Gonder after Vernon Law had served a home run to Jimmy Wynn. While waiting for the new pitcher, the manager see-



Walker greets Alvin O'Neal McBean after home run.

ond-guessed Gonder's choice of pitches, and Gonder told him what he could do.

"Harry took Jesse out of the game," says Catcher Jim Pagliaroni, the team's player representative, "and during the game he made a call to Joe Brown [the general manager]. He said he wanted to send Gonder out. We were ready to have a meeting with him after the game and tell him that wasn't fair. Guys get hot in a pennant race, and things like that happen. But he talked to Jesse, and when Jesse came out of Harry's office he said everything was straightened out. That's all there was to it."

"It was the same as when I told Gonder about his hitting," Walker says. "He was trying to pull everything and turning his head and striking out. Guys get in a slump because they're doing something wrong, and they can't see themselves, so I got to tell them I got to have command."

Walker's first clue about command came from Burt Shotton, the manager of the Columbus Red Birds in 1941. Harry had hit .306 the previous season and in the process found the muscle to hit 17 home runs (of his lifetime total of 61 in 22 years of organized baseball). So in '41 he came up short of quality No. 4, Concentration, and that diluted his Attitude (No. 1). "He chewed me up and down," Walker recalls. "He held a

meeting and told the guys there was going to be a new man in center field. I thought he was sending me out, but he wrote my name on the card, and I knew what he meant. I was a new man. I won the Little World Series for him with a home run."

Walker never was truly convinced of his command presence until World War II, when he went to Europe with the 65th Infantry Division. "I was in one of them recon outfits," he says. "You seen *Cowboy* on television? It was like that. Thirty men. We shouldn't have seen any action, but they broke through at The Bulge and we got plenty. Once I got three of them, from here to there [the distance from the third seat to the front of the bus], the third one with a pistol, right here [between the eyes]. I guess I killed 14, 15. It was hard to tell because once I had a .50-caliber machine gun.

"I didn't like doing that stuff, but you had to survive. And, in a way, I think it was the best thing that happened to me, because it made me realize I had a quality of leadership [No. 9]. I mean, when I did something, guys would follow me. We had this officer, a real good man, but he was a little slow making a Decision [No. 7]. I was only a Pfc all the way, but sometimes I'd have to tell him: 'We can't stay here, we got to get the hell out.' I'm glad I was an athlete, because I think it helped me to get out of a lot of spots. We were mechanized, but you had to move quick sometimes."

Harry never had doubts about his leadership until May 1965, his first year as manager of the Pirates. His only big-league managing experience had been in 1955 when he inherited the shambles Eddie Stanky left in St. Louis, but he had won two pennants in the International League and one in the Texas League, and the Pirates weren't a bad team. Yet they lost 24 of their first 33 games, were in last place and strange things were happening.

"We didn't understand what he was talking about," Pagliaroni says. "He never shut up, and he was on us all the time about mistakes, but we didn't know what he wanted us to do. There was one time when Mauerroski made an error, and he bellowed 'There, see!' He didn't get down on that ball." Bill Vardon said, "Harry, he's the best second baseman in baseball." Later we understood what he meant, that even though Maz was the

best, he could still make that kind of mistake, and he wanted us to learn from it.

"We were in Wrigley Field when Bob Friend called the meeting. He said we ought to get together and try to understand the guy, because we had to play for him. Bob said he might not be going about it the right way, but he was really trying to help us."

When the players held a clubhouse meeting from which the manager is excluded, he has to realize they're trying to tell him something. So that day Harry Walker managed his team from the bullpen, a respectable distance away, so that he wouldn't bother anybody too much, and during the next two rotations of the earth he endured his worst period of self-doubt.

When the Pirates got to Cincinnati, another meeting was held, and Walker was included. "We talked everything over," Pagliaroni says, "and that was when we began to understand each other. And that was when we went on the 12-game winning streak."

From then on, the Pirates played .627 baseball, 28 points better than the percentage with which the Dodgers won the pennant. That, of course, proved little, because the Pirates were like a late-running horse that gets rolling after the race has been won. This season the Pirates got out of the gate along with everybody else, and the valid race was on. Walker had proven personnel, few of whom liked him, some of whom admired him, many of whom respected him and all of whom understood him.

In addition, his Expression (quality No. 11) was, literally, effective, the Pirates began to believe him when he said they were better than people thought. The all-for-one bullpen, applauding one another as they marched into the fray, was picking up a ragged starting staff, confident that the hitters would wait on the pitch and make everything all right.

In the nearest thing to a crisis the Pirates had known all year—two defeats by the Mets followed by an 11-inning tail-to-tail by the Cubs—Walker neither wined nor cried aloud. No, he wouldn't have a meeting the next day. "It's not time to jack them up yet," he said.

How, Walker was asked, would he jack them up? He delivered a lengthy oration on the subject, only one section of which is memorable. "Sometimes you have to get them mad at you," he said, "so they forget about them." **END**



Clement: an antagonist early last season.

WINNING FOR OLD CORNBREAD



By landing an occasional solid punch on his evasive opponent, Curtis Cokes (right) beat Manuel Gonzalez for the WBA's version of the welterweight title and thus fulfilled the hopes of an ancient trainer

by MARK KRAM

Except for the sound of tape being ripped and the weak hum of an old fan, the dressing room was quiet. His eyes vacant, Curtis Cokes watched a fly move slowly up and down a hilarious green wall as his manager finished taping his hands. "Feel good?" asked the manager. "Good," said Cokes, as he stood up and jabbed the raised palms of the manager. "I got all my dependin' on you, boy," said a friend. "You hit him with that right, just one time. Curtis, and he don't go down I gotta look in back of him and see who holdin' 'im up." Cokes smiled and then moved over

to the fly. The fly buzzed off, and Curtis tried to take it out with a right cross. "Get him?" asked the manager. "No," said Cokes. "he got away."

Last week before a crowd of 5,102 in New Orleans, Manuel Gonzalez, who is not as slow as a fly but certainly just as undestructive, got away from Cokes, too, but he did not escape with the World Boxing Association's idea of the welterweight title. That now belongs to Curtis Cokes, just as the heavyweight championship belongs to Ernie Terrell, names like Emile Griffith and Cassius Clay being anathema to the WBA.

This was the fifth time that Cokes had fought Gonzalez. Cokes won on three other occasions, and it seemed spectacularly disrespectful to call this a title fight in a city so eminent in boxing history. In the argot of the gym Gonzalez (trained No. 9 by Ring) is a stiff who could win a six-day bicycle race without being on a bike. His equipment consists of clever moves and a steady, precise jab that would not even raise a welt on Henry Cooper's mushy face. Cokes, ranked 10th, was in the ring simply on the strength of the severe beating that he dealt Luis Rodriguez a few months ago.

Neither Gonzalez nor Cokes should have been considered for a welterweight title fight, but they ended up in one mainly because of a WBA elimination tournament that lacked quality and quantity.

For example, Jean Josselin (No. 1) of France and Ted Whitfield (No. 3) were not included in the series of fights that the WBA scheduled, but this hardly mattered since only one of the elimination fights was held. That was between Cokes and Rodriguez, Kitten Hayward, who is not even ranked, was supposed to fight Gonzalez, but he decided he did not like the idea and backed off. So Promoter Lou Messina—who is called Leaping Lou because one night when a fight was too dull and the house too small he leaped into the ring and tried to stop it—talked the WBA into a title fight between Cokes and Gonzalez. It was a natural. They were both from Texas, and Cokes had been excellent in his fight with Rodriguez in New Orleans. Messina began talking of a \$35,000 gate.

"When Corbett fought Sullivan here in 1892," he said before the fight last week, "ringside cost \$100. For this one, with inflation and everything, it is only \$12 for gold row. And we got seats as low as \$3. Keep in mind, too, Corbett won in a walk. These two guys are evenly matched. What a bargain!"

Some bargain. For 11 rounds Gonzalez sprinted around Cokes, and Cokes, almost somnambulant, kept after him. The tedium was unbearable. Then, in the 12th, Cokes caught Gonzalez with a right hook, a right uppercut and another right hook, and Gonzalez went down. He took a mandatory eight count and got up, yet he still appeared to be in serious trouble as Cokes moved at him on the ropes. But Gonzalez whipped a right and a left to Cokes's head as he was coming in, which was enough to discourage Curtis though not enough to encourage Gonzalez. In the 13th Cokes shot a hard right hand to Gonzalez's jaw, but after that blow the fight reverted to its previous pattern. Even the referee seemed bored—especially with Gonzalez—and relieved when the bout was over. He just shook his head and scored it 14-0-1 for Cokes.

Gonzalez was embarrassed by his performance, but he attributed it to the fact that he had not fought since December, when he lost to the real but un-

official welterweight champion, Emile Griffith, in Madison Square Garden, a fight that was another stunning example of his ability to put an audience to sleep. It is unfortunate that he persists in his style, because he is a superb defensive fighter who smothers punches with ease and slips and slides with great grace. If he would punch—he never uses his right and never goes to the body—he would be thrilling to watch, simply because of his technique and because he has the mind of a boxer.

An illiterate, gentle man, Gonzalez came out of the cotton fields of Odessa, Texas. Once when he was 15 he picked a thousand pounds. He used to watch the Friday night fights on television, and one day he decided he would like to be a fighter. In his first bout he received a hamburger as his end of the purse, and in his second he received a broken nose, which is now crushed and boneless.

"Picking cotton was easier," he says, "but I like to fight. The broken nose, that's the part I don't like."

"Have you made much money from boxing?" he was asked.

"No, not that much, but I will, and then I will send my two boys to get an education and buy a ranch for my wife to put pigs on."

"Do you hold a job?"

"Yeah," said a friend, "he's a rag-picker."

"Yeah," said Gonzalez. "I'm a rag-picker, but I'm a fighter, too."

Cokes, however, seemed hardly concerned with the lack of artistry in the fight. He was the champion now and, indeed, he had tried to make a fight of it. His principal postfight concern was how he could make money out of the title, and he was especially grateful to a gentleman by the name of Cornbread Smith. "If it hadn't been for Cornbread I don't know what I'd done," Cokes said. "He always said I'd win the title. Too bad he couldn't see it. He's dead."

Cornbread Smith was an old trainer around Dallas who, in his youth, had been a carnival fighter. Twice, once in 1963 and again in 1965, when Cokes, then a bank messenger, had quit fighting, Cornbread berated him for his hastiness and prodded Cokes back into the ring. He would send other fighters around to Cokes's house to pick him up, and every night he would call him on the phone and talk at great length. Corn-

bread, although a soft-spoken, placid person, "sure lived up to his nickname," says Cokes. "He got the name while catching for a ball team. They used to see that little thin guy scrap, and everybody got to sayin' he was as rough as cornbread. He was with me anyway."

"Boy," Cokes can recall Cornbread saying, "you got no sense? Why don't you stop all this messin' around and be what you're supposed to be. A fighter. In fighting you got a chance at somethin'. And don't anybody tell you that you can't get hused up real nice outside there. That bear, he just waiting for fellas like you."

"What bear?"

"What bear? Boy, you ain't never heard of the bear? You stop fighting and you'll run into him. Bear back and bear table, that's what bear'll be looking for you."

Following the fight, Cokes, laughing and talking quietly, said, "That old man sure had me scared of that bear, but I ain't no more." And then he went home, turned his record player up so that the sound crashed through the room and sat back and listened to the alto of Cannonball Adderley, who, like Cornbread, plays things the way he feels, brings them up from deep down. **END**



Only comfort for Gonzalez came from wife

IT WAS ACTION DAY IN BROOKLYN

When Jimmy Jacobs, the legendary world champion of four-wall handball, dropped in to try his hand at the one-wall game against a local nonpareil, the borough's bettors flocked around to back their boy **by TOM BRODY**

Just as "to hell with Babe Ruth" whipped up the Japanese army 25 years ago and 200 years before that "the Redcoats are coming" served to get the colonials out of bed to take on the British Empire, the people of Brooklyn respond to their own battle cry: "Hey, Irving, action!" The variations on this particular call to colors are few: "Hey, Maurice" or "Hey, Sammy" may be substituted, but mention "action" and only a foreigner would fail to make straight for Avenue P and Fourth Street—and bring money. Irving. It is there that Brooklyn males meet to play handball, the one-wall variety, and when the local hotshots are at Las Vegas is your local parish and Jimmy the Greek is a choir-boy. Brooklyn is a place where if something is happening you bet on it, the air-pollution index gets a big play every night just before the 11 o'clock news. And handball is a major happening. The games are tough, fast and precise, and the feeling is nurtured that nobody plays the game any better anywhere else.

Last week Jimmy Jacobs, long a Los Angeles celebrity and currently the world handball champion—four-wall variety—put that theory to the ultimate test. He challenged 26-year-old Steve Sandler, the reigning one-wall champion of Avenue P and the country, offering to play Sandler's game in Sandler's hall park and with Sandler's rules. No titles were at stake, but as one Brooklyn man said, "When a foreigner hurls a salami at your feet, you cover."

Superficially it looked like the biggest mismatch in history. No less a critic than former Los Angeles Rams Quarterback Bob Waterfield, who has been known to react to incredible athletic feats with a grunt, has said the 36-year-old Jacobs "could be the best athlete in the world." Golf scores in the low 70s, skeet-shooting championships, sub-10-second 100-yard dashes, not to mention practically

every handball title outside of Brooklyn, have been his.

But if the world thought of it as a mismatch, Avenue P, Sandler and Jacobs did not. Especially Jacobs. It was stipulated that Sandler would play with one hand only, his left, at that. If that seems a severe handicap when facing up to someone like Jacobs, remember, one-wall handball is an entirely different game than the more worldly four-wall version. In fact, the reactions involved are almost opposites. For example, in four-wall the player holds his ground to take the serve and drops back for the kill. In one-wall he drops back to take the serve and rushes in for the kill. And for those who have never heard of Steve Sandler, take it from those who have bet on or against him, he is unbeatable at his own game.

Until he was 16 Sandler had basketball, not handball, on his mind. Then someone pointed out that at 5 feet 7 his chances of making the New York Knicks were limited, so why not try handball. Four years later Sandler won the national one-wall championship.

The trouble with winning championships, as Sandler found out, is that nobody will play you over at the Avenue P courts unless you forgo the use of your right hand. So he learned to play with just his left. Eventually, of course, his left hand became devilishly effective, and his sense of anticipation, his quickness and his ability to play the game with guile became greater than ever. But when tournament time came he had no right hand. At age 22 Steve Sandler retired.

It is entirely possible that Sandler would have stayed retired if Howie Eisenberg, the man who took his place at the top, had not urged him to give it another try. Sandler did, beating Eisenberg in this year's National AAU Championships, 20-21, 21-5, 21-11, and taking back his title.

Some time ago, during a stay on the West Coast, Eisenberg met Jimmy Jacobs and Jacobs had a curiosity about sport, and he agreed to play Eisenberg at one-wall. Eisenberg won the first game, all right, it was a slaughter. But that was all Jacobs needed to catch on to one-wall. In the second game he beat Eisenberg, who even at that time was one of the best.

"You know what I thought then?" says Eisenberg. "I thought nobody could take Jacobs with just his left hand. Not even Sandler." Eisenberg also thought he would revive the "action" cry as it had not been heard in years if he could get the two champions to square off. Jacobs, however, was not enraptured.

"What do I stand to win?" he said. "You beat a guy who is only using his left, and what does it prove? And if he beats you, eh, brother." Eisenberg is a persistent man, however, and he brought the matter up with Teddy Brenner, the matchmaker at Madison Square Garden and a man who would pit a couple of American Beauty roses against each other if he could figure a way to get a crowd into a vase.

Jacobs, who was back in New York, found Brenner a tough fellow to fend off at close range and suddenly said, "Get your man, and I'll be there Saturday morning." Just that quick a major athletic contest was arranged. No one around Avenue P was aware of what was coming until the morning of the match. It was as if Pete Rozelle had called the AFL and said, "You get Buffalo, I'll get Green Bay and we'll play this afternoon."

Early Saturday, Avenue P regulars were ambling over to the courts as is their habit, hoping that such favorites as Bald Irving or Jack the Devil or Big Joe or The Farmer might get things moving. Steve Sandler was there, too, looking pale and drawn—"I've had this virus

for the last few days," he said—but he mentioned that a fellow named Jacobs was going to show up for a game. "Jacob who?" asked one of the regulars, and when it was explained to him just who Jacobs was, the cry was up. "Hey, Irving, action!"

Action was right. Jacobs arrived with a camera crew and camera, which interested the crowd. Even more interesting was the later arrival of a stranger who had \$5,000 to cover everything he could get on the Californian. "If I'd only known," wailed a florist. "If somebody had only told me," and he started to race back to his shop and break open the till. "Don't do it," Sandler said, explaining about the virus. The florist stopped to give things more thought. In fact a lot of thinking was being done,

"You know what I can't understand," said a regular, "is why this guy Jacobs would come here and play a game he knows nothing about." He walked off like a man who smells a hustle.

"I'll bet ya a fiver he's been at it for a year," said somebody. "At least six months," came another opinion, which drew a chorus of agreement.

They were wrong, and even though their gamblers' instincts told them something was rotten, Jacobs' motives were straight enough. For one thing, the camera was to catch Sandler in action, not impress Brooklyn. And Jacobs has always been willing to take his lumps, provided he is sure he can learn something. Before play began he startled the crowd by giving a little speech. "I'm inquisitive, but I don't pretend to know what I'm

doing," he told them. "I appreciate you coming out to watch this exhibition. Please bear with me when I make mistakes that only a beginner would make. I came out here simply because it was a challenge."

"Now he tells us," came a voice that used to ring loud and clear from the bleachers of Ebbets Field.

Sandler had been worried about facing a man who had Jacobs' reputation as an athlete. As in the case with most champions, it served to make him absolutely ready. "Actually I stopped worrying when I saw Jacobs warm up," he said later. "He said he was new at the game, and I could see it was true. You could tell the way he was practicing his kills."

When play began, the champion of Avenue P ran up four straight points, lost his serve, won it back and ran up three more before losing a point. Jacobs was breathtakingly quick, and his shots were hit with power. The problem was, shots that would have bounced crazily off a wall on a four-wall court just flew out of bounds in the one-wall game. Jacobs was reacting to shots like a good four-waller, but three of his walls had tumbled down. Sandler's left hand was not only returning Jacobs' best, they came back with something on them. "He ain't no poet," said a man with a bet, "but he don't make a mistake, and nothing gets by that kid." Nothing did, and by the time the score was 16-1 the same beautiful bleacher voice sang out: "How'd you get a point, you bum?"

That's Brooklyn for you. But when Jacobs came up with a play that Sandler could not handle they gave him a hand, and that's Brooklyn, too. Once, after losing a point, Jacobs went over to his cameraman and said, "Are you getting all of this? I want to see what a champion looks like." The crowd approved of that.

Just before the end Jacobs got his fourth and last point on a shot that seemed completely out of Sandler's reach. Yet Sandler got a hand on it. Jacobs turned to him and said, "You are unbelievable."

"But the return's no good," said Sandler.

"You are unbelievable," said Jacobs. The fact is, both of them are. Now Jacobs has his film, and a fiver says he is going to show up at the next one-wall national championship. The actor is sure to be hot.

END



Grimacing Jacobs smashes a shot, but unruffled Steve Sandler is postured for return.



IN CHESS PIATIGORSKY IS TOPS

A pleasant lady who thought grand masters deserved a break sponsors the best chess tournament in the world

by ROBERT CANTWELL

It was early on a Sunday morning this past July, the opening day of the Piatigorsky chess tournament at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica, Calif., and no one had thought to vacuum the carpet in the ballroom where the tournament was to be held. Mrs. Jacqueline Piatigorsky discovered the unwelcome expanse of carpeting at 7 a.m. That is an early hour on a flawless California mid-summer Sunday. The broad waving corridors of the hotel were shining empty in the reflected sunlight, there was no one around the swimming pool, the wide white beach beyond the palm trees was unpeopled, and Mrs. Piatigorsky could not find a vacuum cleaner. She hastened to her home, a small mansion in Brentwood a few miles away, picked up her own vacuum and returned to clean personally the carpet in the huge room. "If you don't check on every little thing," she said later with a smile, "someone forgets."

Especially great chess players. They come equipped with built-in memory lapses. Chess masters can forget everything except all the moves they make in every game they play. In the case of the chess masters at the Piatigorsky tournament there was some reason for their indifference to trifles. There are not more than 20 men who can compete at the top level of international chess competition, and 10 of these were present in Santa Monica. It was the most brilliant gathering of grand masters in U.S. chess history. Or, for that matter, in anybody's history. *The New York Times's* chess expert called it "the strongest collection of chess players ever convened."

So it was to be expected that Mrs.

Piatigorsky would have a lot of checking to do on things other people forgot. Besides vacuuming the carpet and ordering milk and sandwiches for the players, she did things like answering the telephone and giving press interviews and, just before starting time, locating an electrician when the electric clocks used to time players' moves blew out the fuses in the ballroom. Then at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, July 17, when the long tournament formally opened, she stood poised and cool in a gray flowered dress at the entrance, talking animatedly to avoid journalists in whispers—everyone whispers at a chess tournament—and still worrying about last-minute details. She was present through all of the 18 rounds of the 27-day tournament, and as it came to its end, she was still there at the door, explaining with infinite patience and genuine regret to people who were trying to get in that there was no more room in the hall. In the climactic next-to-the-last round, when Bobby Fischer of the U.S. and Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union tied for first place—were pitted against each other, the crowd reached 1,300, the largest crowd ever to watch a chess match in the U.S. All these hours of checking on every detail paid off, for Mrs. Piatigorsky's tournament was a triumph

Not that Mrs. Piatigorsky had much preparation for the housewifely duties that were required to make the tournament a success. She spent her childhood in the mansion at 2 Rue Saint-Florentin, overlooking the Tuilleries in Paris—that had been the palace of Talleyrand before her father, Baron Edouard Alphonse James de Rothschild, purchased it. He

was the head of the French branch of the House of Rothschild. "It was like a museum," said Mrs. Piatigorsky, as she sat chatting one day during the tournament. "It was so big I never saw the kitchen. I lived in that house until I was married, and I never saw the kitchen."

In weekend escapes from the formal grandeur of the mansion in Paris the Rothschild family lived at Ferrières—built in 1862 by her great-grandfather, Baron James de Rothschild—a cozy little place located on 9,000 acres just east of Paris, with lakes, parks, a private zoo, 12 gardeners, live foresters and pavilions hung with Van Dykes and other old masters. Napoleon III attended the fête at the opening of Ferrières. Rossini composed music for the occasion, and the guests shot 1,231 head of game in one afternoon on the Rothschilds' private hunting preserve. During the Franco-Prussian war, Kaiser Wilhelm I, Chancellor Bismarck and General von Moltke took over Ferrières for their quarters, but the Kaiser refused to sleep in the owner's bedroom. He said it was too grand.

With this background, how did Mrs. Piatigorsky become concerned with chess tournaments? And how did it come about that she was willing personally to do all the housekeeping that chess tournaments require? "If I had a hundred

continued

million dollars," one chess player said during the tournament, "I wouldn't bother with chess players."

"Chess entered my life when I was 6 years old," explained Mrs. Piatigorsky. "I had a peritonitis infection, and I was in bed for months. There was no TV then to entertain a bedridden child, and reading all the time was tiresome. I was bored, totally bored."

An English nurse taught Jacqueline and her sister to play chess when Jacqueline was convalescing. This was during World War I, when the Germans were 30 miles from Paris. Her father, a tall, thin-framed man, did not socialize with the children, and Jacqueline thought of her parents as living in a different city. "When we were very young," she said, "they would come upstairs and visit us for about 15 minutes in the evening. As we grew somewhat older we would see them every day at lunch. That was the big family event, taking lunch together, but it was not very cozy or intimate; we were surrounded by servants in white gloves." Presently Jacqueline became a good enough chess player to challenge her father, who had a rudimentary knowledge of the game. She beat him, which so irritated the baron that he quit playing. One evening, when a chess-playing friend came to visit, her father said to him, "Play Jacqueline, she's good."

"Of course, I was badly beaten," Mrs. Piatigorsky said. "I was also furious, just furious." She began to play chess more thoughtfully and even took a few lessons. She became a tennis whiz playing on the family courts and a good golfer playing on the family's private golf course at Fernières. But her life was very restricted. She and her sister did not go anywhere alone until they married. "I wasn't allowed to go into a store alone to buy so much as a spoon of thread," she said.

A vague, opaque expression seems to settle on her features when she remembers Paris, but from the bits and fragments of her recollections you can recognize something: she lived in the sort of social and intellectual world that Marcel Proust described in the early, glowing volumes of *Remembrance of Things Past*. Devoted students of Proust have carefully traced the connections between the Rothschilds and the originals of some of the characters in Proust's great novel, and Gaston Calmann-Lévy,

Proust's publisher, was a close friend of Jacqueline's parents. Faced in reality with the sort of elegance and sumptuous grandeur that Proust evoked so brilliantly in fiction, she wanted to get the hell out of there. At 18 she married Robert Paul Michel Calmann-Lévy, the son of the publisher, but the marriage lasted only four years. "I think I was unconsciously anxious to get out of the house," she said.

A few years later, in 1937, she married again, this time Gregor Piatigorsky, the famed cellist. They came to live in—of all places—Elizabethtown, N.Y., a remote village in the Adirondack Mountains. Since she knew of no chess players in Elizabethtown, she took up postal chess, perhaps the slowest-paced sport known to mankind, in which you send your opponent a postcard with your move on it and he sends you back his move, each game taking about a year. You can play as many games simultaneously as you have time for, or money to spend on stamps. Happy with everything, Mrs. Piatigorsky was especially delighted with postal chess: it gave her ample time to think over each move while she did the housework, raised two children, painted portraits, played the bassoon, learned how to repair an automobile and took flying lessons.

The late Herman Steiner, a former U.S. champion, persuaded her to enter a real chess tournament—one with visible opponents, that is—after the Piatigorskys moved to Los Angeles in 1949. She finished in a tie for next-to-the-last place, playing for the U.S. women's championship in 1951, and tied for second place last year. In those years she learned the facts of U.S. chess life—the lack of public support, the ceaseless scrounging for money to finance tournaments, the dingy surroundings where most chess events take place. She started the Piatigorsky Foundation to promote the game, hoping to establish something in chess equivalent to the Davis Cup in tennis. She wanted to provide ample prize money for the players (\$20,000 this year) and a playing environment of good quarters, good food, good manners and good taste. Unhappily, Mrs. Piatigorsky's first promotional effort was perhaps the worst in chess history. She matched Samuel Reshevsky and Bobby Fischer in a contest that ended at the halfway point in an explosion of grandmaster temperament over the starting

time of games. Her second venture, the first Piatigorsky Cup tournament held three years ago in Los Angeles, was a respectable but fairly routine international tournament, which Mrs. Piatigorsky remembers with distaste because the organization was so bad. U.S. chess officials, who depended on her for much of the financial support of chess events, feared she might lose interest in chess entirely if this year's Piatigorsky tournament was not a success.

They need not have worried. The drama that unfolded in the Nautilus Room was plainly the beginning of something significant in chess, not the end. During the first few rounds you could sense it shaping up, sometimes as a foreshadowing of the battle between Spassky and Fischer, more often as a conflict between two different ways of looking at chess that involved all the players in the tournament. Isaac Kashdan, a veteran U.S. chess authority who directed the tournament, called attention to the contrast in styles in his bulletin on the fourth round, noting a difference between players who played to win and players who played to draw. "Dullsville," he wrote. "All five games were drawn in this round. . . . The grand master draw is unfair to sponsors, spectators, and to the world of chess in general. We expect of the masters that they will give of their best at all times."

The player who illustrated the difference best was Boris Spassky. He was on both sides. A muscular, square-jawed, well-groomed Russian, age 29, Spassky sat at his board with a rocklike solidity. He sometimes wore a dark suit and tie, sometimes gray trousers and a sport jacket, but in either case he looked relaxed and untroubled. He rarely rose from his chair and walked around between moves, as do most chess masters, and when he did he seemed to know exactly where he was going and when he was coming back.

When Spassky became a major chess figure at 16 he was hailed for his aggressive, attacking, imaginative style of play. But when he played Tigran Petrosian for the world championship earlier in 1966 (he lost) he surprised everyone by playing the same kind of cautious defensive game that Petrosian had always played. At Santa Monica, the grand old man of chess, Miguel Najdorf, asked Spassky why he had changed. Spassky said he tried to adapt his game to one that

continued



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would be effective against Petrosian. "Ah, but you're no longer Spassky!" Nardorf exclaimed.

That appeared to be true; Spassky had become an inflexible, unchanging enigma, playing cautiously and defensively. He drew 13 games in all. He sat back with an almost tranquil air while his opponents grew harried. He was a kind of reformed aggressor, able to anticipate all attacks because he had formerly tried them all himself. At the opposite extreme from Spassky's amiable calm, Bobby Fischer managed to get in trouble in every round, from the first game to the last. At Santa Monica he appeared to be completely transformed in his social life. After a decade in which he became famous for his explosions of bad temper, Bobby was suddenly, in the setting that Mrs. Piatigorsky provided, a handsome, well-mannered, good-natured young man thoroughly enjoying life. He visited, exchanged pleasantries and submitted to television interviews. But as a chess player he remained the same flamboyant character he was when he won his first U.S. championship in 1957 at 14. He still seemed to put himself on a plane of absolute equality with his opponent, no matter how strong or weak his opponent happened to be. He drew four of his first five games, winning only from Borislav Ivkov, the Yugoslavian (who finished next to last). But unlike Spassky's casual, almost off-handed air when he drew his games, Fischer's desperation gave the impression that he was struggling for every draw. Then Spassky beat him. Najdorf beat him. Bent Larsen, the Dane, defeated him in 30 moves. At the halfway point Fischer had won only one game, drawn five and lost three and was at the bottom of the standings. Then he began to move. He won his next four games in a row, drew one and then won two more—an unprecedented record against top-ranking chess masters. And with two rounds to play, Fischer was tied with Spassky for first place.

Not that these two provided the only interest, or the only indications of the growing difference in styles of chess play. The defeat of Petrosian, the most cautious of defensive players, was equally astonishing to chess fans. The world champion was beaten in the seventh round by Larsen, who did it in the grand style by sacrificing his queen. Petrosian never recovered his form, lost three



CONCERNED HOSTESS WATCHES AS FISCHER AND SPASSKY WARM UP BEFORE MATCH

games in all, drew 12 and wound up in sixth place. For his part, Larsen made chess history. Previously all but buried in the complicated procedures of international-chess red tape, Larsen flourished in the spotlight that the Piatigorsky tournament provided. Always attacking and playing with initiative and imagination, he dominated the first half of the tournament just as Fischer dominated the second half. He won four games in a row and, in his games against the Russian giants, kept them on the defensive in a way that rocketed him to the first rank of contemporary masters. There appeared to be substance to Isaac Kashdan's observations on the growing difference between playing to draw and playing to win.

In any event it brought the tournament to a dramatic conclusion, with Fischer trying desperately to win all his games, and Spassky smoothly drawing all of his. Spectators lined the walls, took positions behind pillars, sat on the floor, stood on chairs and created a never-ending jam in the aisles. They kept Mrs. Piatigorsky and a special policeman busy clearing the pathways. A sign on a sign stood at the door. One day a malcontent who had been turned away tried to force his way in. Jerry Hanken, a tournament official, blocked his path. The man turned as though to leave. Hanken turned back to watch the games and—"The man hit Jerry and knocked him down," whispered an outraged Mrs. Piatigorsky. "He's in jail now, but that's why we have the special officer." Removing her glasses, she adjusted the

thermostat on the air conditioner and then stood quietly at the entry with the special officer to explain once again to latecomers that fire regulations prohibited any additional admissions until someone left. The latecomers gathered behind ropes, waiting silently for someone to leave. When anyone did Mrs. Piatigorsky acted as usher in guiding a fortunate newcomer to the vacated seat.

In the hall the last rounds ran their predicted course. The climactic game between Spassky and Fischer ended in a draw, and they remained tied in their struggle for first place. In the final round Fischer was pitted against Petrosian, while Spassky played Jan Hein Donner of Holland, who had won only one game, lost six and eventually finished last. This circumstance was luck, determined by the drawings. But it gave Spassky first place and \$5,000 prize money; Fischer and Petrosian drew, and Spassky easily won from Donner.

"It was Fischer's tournament," Spassky said generously. "He played better than anyone else, including myself." It was a nice gesture from the victor, but he was not entirely correct. It was really Mrs. Piatigorsky's tournament. At the end of it she was still working, making notes on 3-by-5 index cards to guide her during the next tournament. "This way," she said, "I will be able to eliminate little things next time that were not right this time." She was asked how much the tournament cost. "About \$60,000," she said. She looked as if she thought the House of Rothschild had never made a better investment. **END**

PART 4

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT FOOTBALL

**BLACK DAYS
AFTER A
BLACK CHARGE**

The stories of a "fix" were incredible. Still bitter, Bear Bryant relives the nightmarish times of rumors, innuendos and lie-detector tests, of a famed broadcast and even a ransacked house
by PAUL BRYANT with JOHN UNDERWOOD



CONTINUED

How much is a year of a man's life worth? I don't know, but *The Saturday Evening Post* took 10 years of my life, and I billed them \$10 million for it. I guarantee you, if I had collected that much—which I didn't—it would not have paid for the suffering they put me through. I get mad today just thinking about it. I used to wake up nights worrying about the way it was killing my wife and children. I'll never know how much it hurt Mary Harmon, because she hides her feelings better than I do. The irony of it, the thing that makes you want to cut somebody's throat, is that the people who were guilty of the whole thing, who got it started and wrote the stories—they just got paid.

In October of 1962 *The Saturday Evening Post* came out with a story by a reporter for *The Atlanta Journal*, Furman Bisher, about brutality in college football. The story tried to make a case against me and my program. They hadn't been satisfied the way Bisher crucified Darwin Holt and me the year before. The story reopened the wounds of the Holt-Graning incident and talked about how we did things—knocking people around in practice, teaching excessively rough football, "brutal" football. Bisher was supposed to be an expert on all these things because he'd been to my practices maybe twice in his life. (He will never be to another one.) It was funny, because that very fall I'd done a radio tape with Bisher in my office, and he was complimenting me on getting so much out of my personnel. My feeling was, and still is, that it's ridiculous to believe you can teach brutality and be successful with kids, to get them to give so much.

The story also made an issue of a statement I made my first year back at Alabama. We'd lost our first game that year, and I had gone on television and said there would probably be some rumbling but this was my team now and the best thing about getting beat was you always get rid of the rivalry. I wasn't talking about my players, I was talking about people, and I'll say it again if we lose a couple of games this fall. We'll get rid of the rivalry, the hangers-on, the few people who take up your time getting in your way and who would turn on you in a minute. We have them, Michigan State has them, everybody does.

Well, I had always made it a practice not to get into arguments with newspapermen, because if you do you're an idiot.

You can't argue with the printing press. I have very close friends who are newspapermen, and 99% of those I've met are good people trying to do a good job. If a newspaperman writes something wrong—and I always think it's wrong if it's something ugly about me—I may think he's wrong, but he may think he's right. We've both got a job to do, but we don't have to think alike.

I know I got a lot of attention for the way I did things at Kentucky and A&M, and a lot of newspapermen who were on me then are good friends of mine now. Like Clark Nealon down in Houston. At Kentucky we were trying so hard to get publicity I even made one writer my "consultant," the only time I ever did that, too. I hoped he'd get off my back, but he still second-guessed me all the time. He's not in the business anymore. He went into promoting, and now he knows how tough it is to get publicity. At A&M it was rough for a long while. I felt so alone and felt I had to prove myself 14,000 times, which was all right, too. Nobody had a better press than I did my last year there.

I say it all the time. The coaching staff may have a team fired up once or twice a year, other times it's the atmosphere on campus, the student body, friends back home and the press. Usually the local writers want you to win as badly as you want to. They'd rather write about a winner any day. And what they write can help you. Somebody like Benny Marshall or Charles Land or Alf Van Hoose or Bill Lunsplan might write about the team or an individual at Alabama or Auburn, and what appears in the paper can stimulate and motivate. Sometimes writers from other areas can do it, too. A couple of years ago a Florida writer put something in his paper about the Lord being on Florida's side. Our good Christian boys didn't believe it. They had that clipping plastered all over the walls. We beat Florida 17-14.

Well, any other time I would have just shrugged off that first *Post* story. I have more confidence in myself and my program than to go tearing off in all directions. I should have just considered the source and dropped it. I've never been impressed with Furman Bisher. I remember the first time he came to Tuscaloosa, when we first got there in 1958. We took him and his wife to dinner, and Mary Harmon looked after Mrs. Bisher and spent a lot of time showing Furman her

scrapbooks. If I'd known what he was up to I'd have given him 30 minutes and excused myself. He picked a sentence out of here and one from there, whatever he could find to make me look bad.

I suppose a man who has had so much controversy in his life would learn to live with it, but things were going so well, things that should have made these years the happiest of my life. We'd won that first national championship in 1961, and the coaches had elected me Coach of the Year. That is a great honor just because it is the coaches who give it. Then the brutality story came out, and it was like a blow on the neck. I remember we were flying back from Knoxville after the Tennessee game. I was sitting with a member of the Alabama Board of Trustees. He was egging me on, telling me I ought to sue, and I got to thinking what an injustice it was and how it would hurt our program. So I talked to a lawyer friend of mine, Winston McCall, and we decided to sue for \$500,000. Well, you challenge somebody on one pack of lies and you wind up with a bigger pack of lies. It was a mistake. If I hadn't sued the *Post* on that one I don't believe there'd ever have been the second story. They must have started working on that right after we filed the suit.

The second story came out in the *Post* issue of March 23, 1963, but the rumors were coming to me long before that. I got calls from Alf Van Hoose and Fred Russell of the *Nashville Banner*. They were in Florida, where they were covering baseball, and they warned me that something was coming. Eventually I found out who was compiling it: Furman Bisher, although his name wasn't going to be on it. Then Mel Allen called me. He was in Fort Lauderdale with the Yankees, and he was very disturbed and said if anything happened he'd help me get Louis Nizer in New York as my lawyer, if I wanted him. I even got a call from Don Hutson, my old roommate.

The story they were getting in bits and pieces was that Wally Butts, the athletic director of the University of Georgia, and I had fixed a game—bet on it. Bisher, or somebody, was supposed to have a photostat of a \$50,000 check I had written as a payoff. Besides the Georgia game, I was also supposed to have thrown the 1962 Georgia Tech game. We lost that 7-6, our only loss that year and the first in 26 games.

The clincher, though, was Tom Siler

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of *The Knoxville News-Sentinel*. Tom called me asking for a statement. I said, "Hell, Tom, I can't say anything. I haven't even seen it." He said, "Well, I've seen it." Another newspaperman told me it had to be authentic if Siler said so, because Siler had been with Bisher in Florida. Then I got a letter from Wally Butts. He'd heard it, too. So I went in to see our president, Dr. Frank Rose, and the athletic committee to tell them what I was hearing. Dr. Rose immediately began an investigation of his own, and I can't blame him for that. He had to know.

In the meantime I had to go to Washington for a clinic. Bud Wilkinson and I had been talking politics, and he was telling me what an impressive man Bobby Kennedy, the Attorney General, was, and he wanted me to meet him. Bud was trying to get me interested in running for something, and he thought Bobby Kennedy could give me an idea whether I could win. Bud got us a date with Kennedy, but I couldn't keep it. I needed to be home for something and asked Bud to express my regrets. I left town, but early the next morning he called me. "Bobby's sorry he didn't get to meet you," he said. "If I were you I'd try to see him first chance I got."

One thing led to another, and it wasn't long after that I was back in Washington and got an appointment with Bobby Kennedy. That very morning a Washington paper had a report that two southern coaches were involved in what could be the biggest scandal in college-football history. So I went in to see Mr. Kennedy, and I think he is one of the most impressive men I have ever met. We started to talk, and I said, "Mr. Kennedy, before we go further, if you've seen the morning paper, they're talking about me. What they're hunting at is that Wally Butts and I fixed a game."

He said, "Well, what the heck could Wally Butts do for you?" I said that's a good question. He said he thought there was nothing to it, because he hadn't heard anything. Something that big would have come by his desk. So we had about a half-hour visit, and later, when the story broke, people found out I'd been there, and I read where a writer asked Mr. Kennedy what we talked about. He said, "Well, I think you should ask Coach Bryant." I appreciated that.

I will never tell how I got it, but shortly

after that I came into possession of page proofs of *The Saturday Evening Post* story, a sort of advance copy of the magazine, a makeready. I believe they call it. This was still days before it hit the newstands, and the *Post* was just then alerting its dealers to be ready for something big. But there I had a copy of it in my hands at 4 o'clock in the morning, and I couldn't believe it. THE STORY OF A COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIX, under the byline of Frank Graham Jr. The story said that an eavesdropper named George Burnett had somehow got cut into a telephone conversation and heard Wally Butts pass on confidential information to me to help Alabama beat Georgia 35-0 on Sept. 22, 1962. It was so crammed full with lies and half-truths I couldn't believe it.

Well, Mary Harmon was down at Lake Martin, where we have a little summer cottage. Dr. Rose has a place down there, too. I was so riled up I got into my car and drove right down to his place. I got there about 6:30, and Dr. Rose's wife, Tommie, was already up having coffee. While we waited for Dr. Rose to get up, I showed the story to her, and she got a genuine mad on, said I ought to sue them or shoot them or something. When Dr. Rose came out he was as flabbergasted as she was.

I went on over to my house on the lake there, and I was nauseated. I knew there could be vicious people, but not like this. I got over there, and my folks started crying, and for a long time we were just shocked. But I knew we had to do something, because you just can't stand there and take it. Dr. Rose was on my side. I knew that, and we decided we'd announce it before the *Post* did, beat them to the punch, go on television and lay it right on the line. I called my agent, Frank Taylor, and my television sponsors, Sloan Bashinsky of Golden Flake potato chips and Preacher Franklin of the Coca-Cola Bottlers and told them. I'll never forget it. It was an awkward time for me financially. The market had been bad for me, and those things always happen at the wrong time. I told them I wanted to go on statewide television for 30 minutes and I'd just have to pay them later. Both of them said, listen, you go on and there won't be any commercials and it won't cost you a dime. Boy, that meant something.

Frankford



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BEAR BRYANT *Continued*

Dr. Rose, meanwhile, consulted with the university's Board of Trustees and Harry Pritchett, a neighbor of Dr. Rose's and a good friend of the university. We called in Bernie Moore, the commissioner of the Southeastern Conference, and we got Benny Marshall and Alf Van Hoose and Bill Lumpkin, and then Butts, who hadn't seen the story yet, and his folks. These were the people we felt should know what was going on. It was decided Butts would go on television on Saturday in Atlanta, and I'd go on television Sunday afternoon in Birmingham. In the meantime different members on the Alabama Board of Trustees were calling around, trying to find out what they could. One guy over in Georgia told one of our trustees that he heard somebody had seen a check of mine for \$50,000. Harry Pritchett called my business partner in Tuscaloosa, Jimmy Hinton, and asked him if I bet on football games. Jimmy said, "Hell, no. Of course not. What's this all about?" Then Bernie Moore's son, who is an attorney in Nashville, told Bernie he'd talked with one of his clients, a big bookie who knew everybody in the world who bet on football. The bookie told Bernie's son, "Bear don't bet on football."

Well, we were going on the air at 4 o'clock, and Sunday morning I was up there in my suite at the Bankhead Hotel in Birmingham trying to iron out what I wanted to say. Dr. Rose came up, and Bernie Moore, Red Blount, Tom Russell and Harry Pritchett, and they questioned me. "Now, Paul, could you be wrong? Is there anything you haven't told us, or remembered about a check or anything?" And I said, "Red, I went through all my checks. The bank has photostatic copies. There isn't one I can't account for, and they're available if you want to look at them." I told them about the phone calls, of course, and later I even got a list of them from the phone company. So we kept talking, and one of them said, "Well, Butts didn't help any because he wouldn't take the lie-detector test." Wally did take one later, but I realized then what they were getting at. They wanted me to take a lie-detector test. Well, if my people had asked me to take one I'd have said go to hell, just like Wally did. But it wasn't a question now of believing me. So I said, "Look, that might be a good idea, me take a lie test, and I'd love to take it. I won't be able to tell you exactly what I said to

Wally on the phone—and there's no doubt I've talked to him many times on the telephone—because I don't know for sure what I said. But I can tell you I haven't fixed any game, or bet on one."

Red Blount says, "You mean any game or just this game?" And I said, "I haven't fixed any game. Ever. And I haven't bet on one since I was a kid." Well, you could just see them lighten up, like I had taken a big load off.

Within two hours they had the lie detector set up. An expert, in uniform, and an ex-FBI man, who lectured at the Keeler Polygraph Institute in Chicago, were there to give it to me. Everybody was trying to get to me, reporters and TV people were waiting, and we were holding off so I could take the lie test. Well, it didn't bother me 2p worth, the test itself. But when they put me in that chair with all those straps it was like getting into an electric chair. They started the questions: "You from Fordyce, Ark.?" Well, it's supposed to be my home town, but it's not, really. "You play football at Fordyce High School?" Yes sir. "You bet on the Georgia Tech game?" No sir. "Your wife named Mary Harmon Bryant?" Yes sir. "You have two children, one named Paul Jr., one named Mae Martin?" Yes sir. "Did you bet on the Georgia game?" No sir. And so on, dropping them in like that.

I took a series of four tests, and it wasn't until we were through and they'd gone off to check the results that it hit me. I'd read somewhere about these things not being absolutely foolproof, and I thought to myself, suppose those sons of guns come back up here and say I've been lying! I started trying to determine who'd believe me anyway, and I knew Dr. Rose would, and those men on the board, but who else? I was sweating. Well, you got to have a plan for everything, and I had made up my mind what I was going to do. I was going to bow my head and go back to my players. I had already read them the story in confidence, and they were as mad as I was.

The polygraph men came back to the room and walked straight over to where I was sitting, and one said, "You didn't quiver. That line didn't jump a fraction." Well, you can imagine the load it took off me. That period of doubt only lasted about 15 minutes, but it seemed forever. I know I'll never take another one of those tests about anything, because it

continued



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DO
YOU
GO
FROM
HERE?**

Right now you know where you are headed. Every cat's-paw that ruffles the water, every eager tug of the jib sheet brings a response that's instinctively right. You make no wrong moves, have no problems—at least not for the moment.

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ARMY ROTC

didn't dawn on me until I'd been in that harness an hour and a half what could have happened.

By then I was getting so keyed up I was having trouble being coherent as the 4 o'clock TV deadline approached. The press was invited, and you talk about gut checks—this was one. We were going to have the biggest audience in the history of the state, no doubt about that. I had a speech prepared, and it was checked by my attorneys so I wouldn't say anything I could be sued for, being so mad and all. Dr. Rose was standing there with a towel, wiping my head, I was sweating so bad, and I apologized for being so much trouble.

Two minutes before we went on they brought in the speech rolled up to put on that TelePrompTer thing for me to read. Dr. Rose's voice, not him in person, came on the air. He made the introduction, and then I started trying to read this thing, and I couldn't. I was half crying, and then I just quit trying to read and I went after them. I challenged everybody. I went for 30 minutes, and I don't know what all I said but I get keyed up just thinking about it. We announced we were suing them for \$10 million, and when it was over they all clustered around handing me Cokes, and everybody was relieved. But the suffering hadn't started.

Oh, my, the nightmares. Waking up in the middle of the night, wringing wet with sweat and lying there unable to sleep or to think about anything else. A many a night, a moon a night, getting out of bed and sitting in a chair for hours, worrying. Not worrying about the outcome, because I sure as hell knew I didn't fix any game, but just frustrated and mad and worried over what it was doing to my folks.

I'd worked so hard to discipline myself, trying to keep my mind off the case when I was working or studying or doing something, and trying not to mention it around the house because of what it was doing to Mary Harmon. You mention it now, even now, and it upsets her.

So much happened along in there to make her frightened. Between the first *Past* story and the second, one week when we were away, somebody broke into our home, hacked a hole in the back door with an ax or something and went through everything we owned, trying to find something. I'd like to know what. Every piece of clothing, shoes, shirts

Whole drawers of things dumped out on the floor. Pulled things away from the walls, emptied out desk drawers, just systematically ransacked everything. Took the closet where we kept our silver and emptied that out and left the silver. Passed up jewelry, money, anything of value. Only things they took were a couple of Paul Jr.'s sweaters, a red jacket and socks. They were looking for something, all right, and I darn sure wish I had been there to help them. Later we had good reason to believe our phones were tapped, and the FBI took care of that, but imagine the feeling *that* gives you.

In the months that followed we had to put on three or four extra secretaries to handle the mail. Must have been a jillion pieces. Some of the letters were nasty. I didn't even look at them, but 99 out of 100 were backing us, so many of them from government officials and clergymen and officials of one kind or another. Richmond Howers, the attorney general of Alabama, conducted his own investigation, got some football coaches—not mine—to look at films of our games and came out with a real strong statement supporting me. His son, Richmond Jr., is on the Tennessee squad this year—a real fine boy—and I tell folks he's entirely too good to play for anybody but me. Anyway, the McClellan Committee came in for about 12 weeks investigating for the U.S. Senate. And so did the Internal Revenue Service. I didn't care. They could have called in Perry Mason if they wanted to, and it wouldn't have bothered me. The Alabama state legislature made its own investigation and had Dr. Rose and me and some of my boys in for questioning, and there were resolutions passed backing me. You better believe you find out who your friends are at a time like that. A year later some of those legislators were responsible for passing a resolution that allowed the university to name the athletic dormitory. Paul W. Bryant Hall—after a living man.

Well, the story was so wrong, so filled with errors, it's ridiculous to try to go over the whole thing, but let's just consider a few major points. There's no doubt, first of all, that Wally Butts and I had a telephone conversation. They got the time and probably the day wrong, because I was supposed to have left the field to answer the phone, and my kids will tell you the only time I've ever done

that was when there was a death in the family.

But there's nothing new about athletic directors or coaches calling one another, and sometimes for long conversations. The greatest for that, and I said this on the stand when I went over there for Wally's trial, was Bob Woodruff, who's at Tennessee now. Bob would call, and if you were eating supper you could just forget it. You could lay the phone down, pick it up again in five minutes and you'd grunt. He'd still be talking. On the same day this call was supposed to have been made—or the day before, I forget which—I talked to Darrell Royal for 40 minutes. And Duffy Daugherty and I talk all the time. Hell, if anybody had plugged into my phone the week before the 1963 Orange Bowl game they'd have heard me and Bud Wilkinson talking about our deficiencies.

But as far as getting information is concerned, do you think I'm going to listen to somebody from the other side when I've got my own men going to his games every year and to his spring practices? We also swap films and everything else. First place, my men know more about it; Wally Butts as athletic director probably wouldn't see more than a dozen Georgia practices all year. Second place, Wally's for Georgia.

When I was at Kentucky and Wally was coaching he'd sit with me on the day of the game, and we'd sit around talking, feeling each other out. When we went down to his place his wife, Winnie, always had collards and hog jowls and black-eyed peas for me, the things I've loved since I was a child.

I remember Bob Woodruff coming out to the house when we played Florida one year. We sat around on the floor listening to a game, and everything that son of a gun said I tried to figure out why he said it, because we were playing that night. But you'd be darn stupid to interpret anything from it. You can't get to worrying about what you haven't prepared for, you sure can't change your plans, because that will get you beat quicker than anything. Shoot, the fellow I talked to more than anybody for a long time there was Bobby Dodd.

In this business you get all kinds of tips—rumors and letters and telephone calls and things—and if you listened to

them you'd never have time to prepare for the stuff you really know. I remember one time at Texas A&M some student took a lot of secret movies of LSU's practices and tried to give them to us, and I wouldn't even look at them. I got a letter or a call one time from somebody telling me he had watched Auburn practice and Auburn was running the shotgun offense. I didn't believe it, and that week we probably spent about five minutes on defense for the shotgun, which we normally do. Well, we went over to play Auburn, and dained if they didn't use the shotgun practically the entire game. So you can be fooled, and you're just better off ignoring everything and getting to work.

Wally Butts and I had always been pretty close. I'd known him back when I was coaching under Frank Thomas, and later, when I was stationed at Georgia Pre-Flight in Athens, Mary Harmon and I lived three blocks from him. We coached against each other eight times. But, with all respects to Wally, you sure don't like to get slowed by telephone calls when you're busy and trying to get ready for a game. Sure, he might have told me at one time or another how much better the material was at Georgia now than when he was coaching there, but I didn't pay attention to that, because every coach feels that way when he looks back. I felt that way after I left Kentucky, and I felt the same after I left A&M. And Wally always had a few tears handy. It was his nature.

As for the specific call this fellow in Atlanta was supposed to have heard, if there was a call, I can't say for sure what was said, and I wouldn't try to. I do know Wally and I had been discussing a certain rule interpretation, because he was on the foothall rules committee and the committee had decided to do something about butt blocking and butt tackling, which is putting your head right in a ballcarrier's gut. He called me to explain it because, he said, he didn't want a good boy like Lee Roy Jordan, our center and captain, to get thrown out of the game for doing something he didn't know was wrong.

The intimation was made that I bet on the Tech game, which we lost 7-6. The story suggested I had thrown the game because we had a first down on the Tech 14 with about a minute to play and instead of kicking a field goal we threw a pass that was intercepted.

Continued



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Well, we were a passing team that year, and anybody with half a mind for football can look at the films and see that the receiver on the play was wide open. The ball hit his hands and bounced up in the air, and that's how Tech intercepted it. He makes the catch, and we're on the three-yard line with plenty of time to score a touchdown and in surer position for a field goal. He misses, and we've still got three downs.

Actually, the mistake I made in that game was going for two points after our touchdown with Jackie Hurlbut at quarterback instead of Joe Namath. They knew Hurlbut was going to run it. With Namath they wouldn't have been sure. Even at that, Hurlbut didn't miss but by a hair.

But I won't dwell on the story's errors in football judgment, because there were so many. To point out one particular mistake, they said we beat Tech "on a last-minute field goal in 1961," which is interesting mathematically, because the score was 10-0.

Of course, neither Bisher or anybody else ever came around to ask me about all this stuff beforehand. A couple of years later Bisher made a big brave thing of coming to our publicity office and sitting there waiting to get a pass to our practice. The head of university security sat with him to protect him, and I went about my business. It was a little late then for him to want to see me.

People ask me how I feel about those people who started this thing. Well, how would you feel? They tried to destroy me for a lousy \$6,000. As for Johnny Griffith, the Georgia coach then, I never did think much about him one way or the other because he was quoted so many different ways.

From 1960 to 1964 our boys beat Georgia 21-6, 32-6, 35-0, 32-7 and 31-3. A point was made that I had said that the 1962 game was going to be tough, that we'd have to scratch for our lives to win. And that's right, I really thought we would. Georgia had fine personnel that year, real fine. But what I say today about a game might not be the way I feel tomorrow. I never lie to a newspaperman; I might mumble around and be evasive, but I never lie. But things change. Two weeks before our Orange Bowl game with Nebraska last New Year's I didn't think we had much of a chance and I said so, but the night of the game I was standing on the field

with a writer friend watching Nebraska work out, and I put my arm around him and said, "Listen, I may be wrong, but I think we're going to outkick these people and beat them pretty good." We did.

One other point they made an issue of. They said our defensive players were calling out Georgia's signals as if they knew what was coming. That's old stuff. Much of the terminology in football is similar, and if you know something about a team—you ought to know something if you've been scouting them—a lot of times you can hear things and throw them off. It's effective, and we've done it a lot.

I know one year we were playing Andy Gustafson's team in Miami and my kids would say, "Look out, Joe, here it comes," or something like that. The first time we did it our linebacker ran through a hole and made a big play. After the game one of their guys who had an old high school friend on our team said to him, "You rascal, you knew everything I was doing." My boy kidded him and said, yeah, that's right. But, of course, we were just guessing. Ray Graves at Florida does a real good job at that sort of thing, has boys calling out things, getting the other team thinking. It's psychological, and it's effective.

Well, they had Wally's trial over in Atlanta in August, and I took my dinner bucket and went over to testify. I remember the night before. Wally's lawyers were leery of me because I was so belligerent and bitter. I was keyed up, and I wasn't going to be any witness; I was going in there after them. The lawyers were afraid I'd be too hostile, but they put me on anyway. I remember the *Post's* lawyer trying to put words in my mouth, and I'd say, "I didn't say that, you did." There are so many things, specifics about a football game, you forget. But once I got on that blackboard I could make football plain, because then we were talking my game. I remember a writer friend in Dallas, old Harold Ratliff, was needing me at a party, and he asked me if I thought I was a genius. I kinda smiled at him and said, "No, Harold, I'm no genius, but I'm a damn good football coach."

Well, like I said on the stand, taking their money was too good for them. They ought to be jailed or something, and I

meant it and still think it. As I said, I know that story took 10 years off my life. They probably spent a million dollars embarrassing me. I was never worried at what they could pull at the trial, because I knew I didn't bet on, or fix, a football game. On the other hand, I felt sorry for Wally, because he'd been through a lot and it took a lot out of him. He's still not over his ordeal, although I think he's going to get his money. He won the case, and the judge ordered them to pay \$3,060,000. But when you get an appeal these things drag on. He's still looking for that first penny.

That's one of the reasons I finally settled out of court. I'd loved to have had the trial if it were just me and them, but it was driving my family crazy. We'd probably all been dead by now. And all that time there I was trying to run an athletic program and coach a football team. I settled for \$300,000, and after I'd paid all my creditors I had a little left over to buy Mother a new dress.

Most of what has been said since then has been in the form of kidding or banquet jokes about telephone calls and magazine subscriptions, and I remember even Wally brightened up and said he'd been told by a few coaches that he could call them anytime—collect. None of it is really very funny, of course, but you learn to live with it.

As far as giving you any instruction on how to fix a football game, I can't do it, because I don't know how in the world you could without the players knowing. And if you think you can fool your boys you're crazy. I remember Pat Trammell came to me last year after one of my television shows. He'd been our quarterback in 1961. He's a doctor now, and a real sharp young man. He said, "We aren't going to lose another game, Coach." Oh no? Why not? "Well, I heard you talking to Bowman last night on television, and he got the message." "What message?" "Don't you remember? You said, 'If that boy starts blocking like he can run he'll sure get my vote.' You were talking to Steve, and you knew he'd be listening." I laughed and said, "Yeah, but I didn't know you knew it."

Just about the time a coach thinks he really can do it all himself he gets something that puts him in his place. One year at Kentucky I had a hot appendix and was in the hospital, and the boys were all primed to beat LSU without me.



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Dr. Grandison McLean said I couldn't go to the game, and I said, "Well, I'm going. They need me." Just as they were getting ready to run out on the field I came into the dressing room, with people holding me up so I wouldn't fall. The boys were so impressed they went out and got beat 34-7, and I have no doubt they'd have won if I had stood in bed.

I'll tell you one true story about the game Frank Howard of Clemson and I tried to "fix," if you want to call it that. We were rival coaches in an All-Star Game down in Texas. He'd been going around talking about how much better his single-wing was than my T formation, and I was getting back at him in the papers, saying the single-wing went out with gaslights and outdoor privies. Everybody thought we were really mad and it was a grudge game. So we're in a taxi going over to the game together, and Frank says to me, "Hail, Beah, one of us is gonna look pretty silly if the other whups his butt by a big score. Maybe we oughta have a signal we can flash so that when it gets bad and the other fellow sees it he'll call off his best team." I said O.K., and we agreed the signal would be to cross our arms.

Well, we go into the fourth quarter, and we've got a couple touchdowns on him and our big back, Billy Quinn, is ripping into 'em pretty good. The crowd's yelling, but I can hear Frank Howard. "Beah! Beah!" Out of the corner of my eye I can see he's got his arms crossed, but I don't let on. Old Billy Quinn gains some more yards. Frank's really yelling now. "Beah! Hey Beah!" But I'm not looking. Carney Lashie comes over to me and says, "I think Howard's giving you the signal, Coach." I said, "Yeah, but we don't have it won for sure yet."

About that time Billy breaks loose and goes to their three-yard line, and the crowd goes silent just as Howard really lets go. Everybody in the place can hear him: "Hey, Beah! Look at me, you lyin' blankety-blank!"

PART 5: 'I'LL QUIT—IF'

Beah, mellow or now, tells of five pro offers, forecloses changes in the college game and discusses his future in politics. If he should ever start losing... but he's not that mellow yet.

A LIGHT NEW BREED OF IRISH TWEED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONSTANTINE MANOS



Irish tweed used to be thick enough, hairy enough and weatherproof enough to thatch the roof of a Galway cottage. But this fall there is a new breed of Irish tweed. The clothes, photographed here on the Dublin sporting scene, are part of a collection of Irish menswear developed specifically for the American climate and the American preference for easy-fitting comfort.

The Irish Export Board commissioned Norbert Ford, a pioneer of lightweight men's sportswear in the U.S., to come over and show 11 Irish firms what Americans wanted in their casual clothes. Ford discovered that Irishmen buy their clothes by left. He encouraged the makers to throw out the shoulder pads, heavy linings and interlinings, and to make fabrics about half their home-market weight while keeping such horse-country character as is found in the vested tweed suits and jackets on these pages. This month the results land in the stores listed on page 44. The clothes are unusually well made, with more handwork in the tailoring than is ordinarily found in clothes of comparable price. In addition to the tweeds, there are country shirts, tweed and poplin ties, fine leather gloves, hats, caps and rainwear. And the famous fisherman sweaters, hand-knit on the rocky isles of Aran, now come in colors as well as the well-known off-white of the natural wool.

At the Irish Derby Robin Palmer wears racetrack pants. Maudie Cooney a navy costume both tailored of Irish tweed. At left Brian Grant wears a lightweight boardwalk jacket over a fisherman's turtle-neck at Dublin Rugby match.

CONTINUED





At Coleraine harbor Robin Palmer, Patrick Smylie and Ann Marie Berkeley wear new breed of Aran hand-knit sweaters—available in red and blue for the first time.

Robin Palmer (right) surrounded by huckle-faced schoolboy coddies wears Irish version of a favorite garb fashion—camel's hair V-neck sweater over harti-neck.



At the Irish National Stud (above) Roger McCourtney beams a chest of tweed jacket with a matching vest and whipcord trousers: a new Irish country look.

A riding raincoat—made of rubberized cotton with bright red lining, epaulets and deep flapped pockets—is waterproof enough to turn back an Irish waterfall.

CONTINUED



Young men, especially, go for the Van Heusen shirt. V-necked. Full-toned. In permanent press fabric of Fortrel polyester and cotton from Galey and Lord. A Division of Burlington Industries. For your nearest retailer, write us at 1407 Broadway, New York 18



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For adults only.

Franklin® Dry Toasted Peanuts are strictly for grown-up tastes. Selected with botanical care. Coated with exotic flavorings. Then toasted not once—not twice—but three delicious times.

Till they're dry as a good martini. No excess oil to mess up your fingers or your digestion! A child wouldn't appreciate the difference. But you can. **Franklin—the adult peanut.**



SPORTING LOOK *continued*

WHERE TO BUY

The Irish menswear on the preceding pages, made in standard American sizes, will be in the following stores this month.

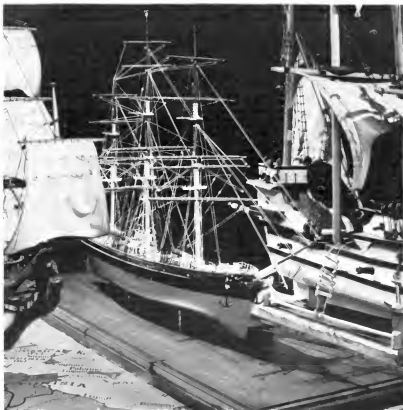
Page 40, The sport jacket worn by Brian Grant is of a lightweight Irish tweed in a deep-red-gray-and-white houndstooth check. It is made by Wearex, Ltd. and is \$60 at Ray Bolger, Portland, Ore.

On the color page facing page 40, Robin Palmer wears a three-piece country suit of sturdy Irish-made Saxony tweed. This outfit, made by Kilmate Clothes, Ltd. for J. Press, New Haven, Conn., Cambridge, Mass. and New York City, comes in a variety of bold plaid patterns. The sport jacket with matching vest is sold separately for \$90. The marching trousers, for the braver sportsman, are an additional \$45. Maudie Cooney's navy tweed dress and coat are by Basil Collins of Dublin. The dress is \$60 at Lord & Taylor, New York City.

On the color page facing page 43: Aran Isles sweaters now come in colors as well as the classic bawnec, or ivory-white. Every family of knitters on these barren islands off the west coast of Ireland has its own distinctive pattern, handed down for generations. The sweaters, imported by Galway Bay Products, Ltd., are \$47.50 each at Brooks Brothers, New York City; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Robert Kirk, San Francisco.

Page 43, Robin Palmer's golfing sweaters are both by Tailteann Textiles, Ltd. The fine lamb's wool pullover has a mock turtleneck. It is \$15 at Cavanagh's, New York City. The V-neck pullover of camel's hair is \$30 at Sibley, Lindsay and Curr, Rochester, N.Y. The riding raincoat, which is three-quarter length and has side vents as well as epaulets and patch pockets, is by Dunlop. It is \$40 at Ray Bolger, Portland, Ore. The plaid Saxony tweed jacket and matching vest worn by Roger McCourtney at the National Stud are also by Kilmate Clothes, Ltd. They are \$60 at the Higbee Company, Cleveland.

All the men's shirts in the photographs are by Jon Stone and the tweed ties by Crock of Gold Ltd.



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The cowpoke just ahead of him had been hauled off moaning in an ambulance, but before his agitated wife could deliver a dismount and desert order, Californian **Adrian Jack Barker**, running hard for the state assembly, exploded from a planked rodeo chute atop a red-eyed center answering to *Cyanide* (*below*). Unable to get his name mentioned as a visiting dignitary over the El Dorado county fair P.A. system because that honor is strictly reserved for rodeo participants, Barker, though utterly inexperienced, simply signed up for the Brahma bull event and hung on grimly for six seconds before he was crunched to the ground. His title was just two seconds shy; he was more than pleased to learn, of the eight seconds required to qualify for another ride.

Peering through the Sussex salt-marsh fern fronds at the wary redshanks, plovers and oyster-catchers was **Billy Fury**, the Eliza Presley of the British Isles of another day. Now, following into his middle 20s, Billy is beaming down on bird-watching field studies, he terms it, an old pursuit of childhood that he found

"wonderfully relaxing" during his rise to rock 'n' roll fame. But Billy's popularity, while on the ebb, still nets him roughly \$100,000 a year, 10% of which he put into his high-powered camera and considerably more of which he hopes to put in a 100-acre woodland game sanctuary. "I want to have it right in the heart of fox-hunting and pheasant-shooting country," says Billy, who is firm in his opposition to blood sport. "Then I can tell these people. 'This is my home, you may not hunt or shoot over it.'"

As every Indiana motorist knows (thanks to the proliferation of Hoosier booster highway signs), Mitchell is the home of Astronaut Gus Grissom. Lebanon is the home of basketball's Rick Mount, and Rippon, proudest of all, is "The Home of National Sports-caster Chris Schenkel." Undisputed, too, is the fact that Lawrenceburg is the home of the Cincinnati Reds' top relief pitcher, **Billy McCool**—except that a two-by-three foot sign proclaiming that news at the town limits has been snatched down after only 72 hours by highway department workers who said it

was an improper use of the state's right-of-way. Who to blame? "Blame Lady Bird," said one state official. "The pressure's on us to cut down on highway signs. We could lose millions."

At a flat-out 18 mph in the straightaways (but judiciously easing into the bends so as not to tip over the cargo), **Jim Clark**, twice the world's driving champion, crouched behind the wheel of an electric milk float and whined around a $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile racing track near Edinburgh, Clark, ordinarily more of a sobersides than that, agreed to the simple business, agrarian jock that he is, as a favor to the Scottish Milk Marketing Board. Still, failing to reckon on the outcome and finishing second to a Glasgow milkman, he was bound to admit "I felt a novice among all those professionals."

Ten years ago, as pastor of a Baptist church in Raleigh, N.C., **Horace Albert McKinney**, better known as **Bones** and better known as basketball coach at Wake Forest College, had frequent occasion to visit a nearby state prison. Now, 11 months after retiring from coaching, **Bones** has gone to work for the state prison department in the role of assistant director of rehabilitation, a job that will oblige him, among other things, to educate the public on its responsibility to former prisoners. "I love the work," said **Bones**. "I hope I can be helpful."

Ever since he popularized the notion that through the rigors of a golf tournament nothing sustains like a hip-pocket, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, PGA Champion **Allen Geiberger** has been deluged by commercial offers and gross quantities of rival brands of goo. Skippe, heating out the competition, has at last put the man to contract and is now suggesting that he author a peanut-butter recipe book, a task for which he admits an impoverished imagination. "Oh, sure," says Al, "I like peanut butter with grape jelly pretty well, and

for quite a while it was peanut butter and strawberry, sometimes peanut butter and raspberry and once in a while peanut butter and apricot. But after you have made a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich—well, how many things can you do?"

To millions in the bleachers **Duke Snider** is a very fine ex-center fielder for the Dodgers, but to Madison Avenue he is a very fine specimen of virile manhood horribly incapacitated by prematurely gray hair—or just the ticket for one of Clairol's half-and-half ads for a masculine hair coloring. On the TV commercial appearing soon, the Silver Fox slyly introduces himself as rogues Edwin D. Snider, 39-year-old, brunette avocado grower of Fallbrook, Calif. (*below*). Then, turning the uncolored side of his head to the camera, he (gasp) reveals the telltale gray of the Duke of yesteryear. Disenchantment has already set in. Lamenting the passing of old times and old friends, the new-look Snider returned to the minor league team he manages at Kennewick, Wash. to discover that some of his players failed to recognize him.



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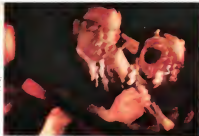
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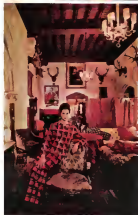
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JOCKEY JOHNNY ROTZ AND FLIGHTY COLT BOLD HOUR CAME HOME WITH A SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

An early shakedown of a mixed-up division

Only five starters turned out for the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga, a race that often establishes a favorite for the 2-year-old championship, but the winner overcame an odds-on three-horse entry in impressive style

Few stakes on the long U.S. racing calendar have more appropriate names than the Hopeful, the 2-year-old test that traditionally closes the month of racing at Saratoga. The young colts are asked to run six and a half furlongs for the first time, and although the winner's purse never approaches the proportions of first money in such later races as Chicago's Arlington-Washington Futurity or the Garden State, the Hopeful often produces a winner who finishes out the year as champion of the division and winter-book favorite for the next year's Kentucky Derby and other Triple Crown events.

Over the last three decades, for example, 13 Hopeful winners have wound up as 2-year-old champions; 12 have followed up their triumphs at Saratoga by winning the Belmont Stakes a year later. Some Hopefuls, like last year's, which was won by Buckpasser, are so outstanding that the audience knows instinctively a champion is on hand. Such was the

case, too, in the years of Middleground, Native Dancer, Needles, Jasper and Bold Lad. And when George Widener's Bold Hour won last week's 62nd running of the Hopeful, Saratoga's closing-day crowd of 21,490 may have seen another potential champion flexing his muscles. The victory by still another son of the brilliant sire Bold Ruler was impressive enough. Bold Hour won his race with a display of real courage and a good finishing kick over a three-horse Wheatley Stable entry made up of Great Power, Top Bud and Disciplinarian.

The Phipps family, Trainer Eddie Neloy and their first-call jockey, Braulio Baeza, have taken home just about everything this year but the Statue of Liberty, and it was obviously a shock and surprise to many to see all three of their starters beaten in the Hopeful (as an entry they had gone off as odds-on favorites). Still, the Widener-Bold Hour victory was the most popular one of the entire meeting, not only because Bold

Hour may well be the best horse of his age, but because Widener, to Saratoga racegoers, represents everything sporting and traditional about the famous Spa course. In addition, Widener's trainer, Bert Mulholland, was celebrating his 83rd birthday on the day of the Hopeful.

Winner of two of his five previous starts, the son of Bold Ruler and Widener's great race mare Seven Thirty had certain carefree ways about him, persuading Mulholland to work him for a week with blinkers. He also started him with blinkers for the first time. As the Phipps jockeys paraded to the paddock, looking like a diminutive three-man army in their yellow-and-purple silks, Trainer Neloy kidded Trainer Mulholland: "If we can't beat you we'll surround you." Mulholland grinned and said nothing.

At no time during the running of the Hopeful, however, were Neloy's jockeys and colts able to surround Bold Hour.

continued

He broke from the No. 1 post position just a step behind Great Power, but took the lead immediately thereafter and held it the rest of the way home. It was not what could be called a sensational victory, but it was convincing, and it put Bold Hour at the top of the heap, at least for the moment. And he was tested! Disciplinarian ran at him early in the race and got nowhere for his efforts. Great Power, who had recently strained a muscle in his right hind leg while working in the shop, possibly should not have gone to the starting gate. He barely hung on to take second place by a head over stablemate Top Red and came back taking so many giddy steps that his soundness in the immediate future must be somewhat suspect. Top Red, in turn, displayed good speed in the last sixteenth and no doubt will be heard from when the distances move up into the one-mile range.

But there must be something wrong with a 2-year-old division when the first major race of the season for eastern-

bred horses can offer a field of only five starters out of 330 nominations. Actually, the whole structure of 2-year-old racing in this country is beginning to change. For better or worse, many owners have finally become cautious about starting their young stock too early. Time was when every 2-year-old was supposed to reach his peak at Saratoga in time for the Hopeful. Now many are being saved for the riches purses downstate and in New Jersey and Chicago.

Every year recently the young crop has been delayed in its development by fits of coughing, by bucked shins, sore ankles and the usual equine childhood diseases. This year is no exception. Still, not every generation produces a Buckpasser, and it is wrong to expect that it should. When the 2s take turns beating each other it is fashionable to say the crop is either very good and well-matched or else lousy. It is too early to tell if this theory has any validity this season.

Jimmy Kilroe, director of racing at

Santa Anita and an annual observer at Saratoga, where he was racing secretary for many years, has an explanation for the late development of 2-year-olds. "I believe," says Kilroe, "that Belmont Park has something to do with it. Many of the top stables with the best horses used to enjoy racing at Belmont in June. The atmosphere was wonderful, and you could, at one time, start 25 or more horses in a single race. If you raced in June you had a good idea by Hopeful time of who might be the best. Some of this incentive is lacking at Aqueduct, so many stables are not ready for Saratoga. Still, it is hard to see how a big outfit like Cam Hoy Stable, for example, with all those good Oaks mares, fails to come up with a top colt."

"The answer to that," says Cam Hoy Owner Captain Harry Guggenheim, "is that a top stable does not always produce a top colt. Something like Never Bend doesn't come along every year. This year, for instance, I winter-trained as usual in Columbia, S.C., with Sara-

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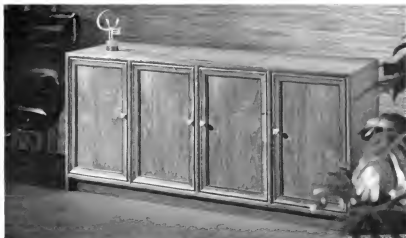


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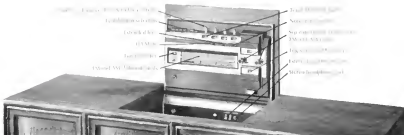
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HORSE RACING continued

toga in mind. But when we got to New York most of my 2-year-olds were coughing, and then the track was too muddy to do much training. We're way behind schedule, it's true, but there's still no guarantee, despite our five mares, that we've got anything very good."

There must be, nonetheless, some good colts around, and if Widener's Bold Hour is to hang on to his temporary leadership he will have to beat them this fall in the Futurity, the Champagne and the Garden State. Great Power, who looks and acts the part, still may be a major challenger, but he has a long way to go.

"You've got to have your best colts in competition by now if you hope to get anything later on, or else the class will pass you by," says Eddie Neely, who has a whole barnful of youngsters besides the three he threw into the Hopeful field. One is Successor, a full brother to Bold Lad, who may be better than either Great Power or Top Bad. George Widener has Yorkville, winner of the Santard, who is temporarily out with backed shins, as is Greentree Stable's Stamp Act. Another Greentree colt, Bullhazat, may show promise after he recovers from the slight fever that made it necessary to scratch him from the Hopeful. In Reality, who finished second to Great Power in the Sapling at Monmouth Park, now will have to be tested against Bold Hour before being judged. One of the most impressive performances at Saratoga was turned in by a Florida-bred colt named Dr. Fager, who runs for Trainer Johnny Nerud in the silks of W. L. McKnight. Dr. Fager, who is by Rough 'n Tumble, ran the fastest six furlongs of any 2-year-old at Saratoga (1:10¹), and may be the sleeper of the whole pack. Herbert Allen's Favorable Turn, a Turn-to colt, won the Saratoga Special and would have tested the others in the Hopeful were it not for a fever that hit him the day before the race.

Not to be counted out yet are Native Prince and Great White Way in the East, and such Chicago-based runners as Turma-Now, Olympia Sue and Forgotten Dreams, the winner of the Hollywood Juvenile over previously unbeaten Tumble Wind. All in all, it is still a mixed-up division. Saratoga's Hopeful proved only that Bert Mulholland, on his 83rd birthday, knew how to handle the Phippens.

END

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TENNIS / Bud Collins

A duel on grass at 26 paces

Billie Jean King and Nancy Richey hope to meet in the finals at Forest Hills and prove to the USLTA that there can be only one No. 1.

Women's tennis," says Clark Graebner, "is awful. I can't stand it. But if those two play each other at Forest Hills I'd walk from Cleveland to New York to watch. They'll be going at each other with sledgehammers."

Graebner, a member of the Davis Cup team, has had to watch a lot of female tennis in the line of devotional duty, since his wife, Carol, is the third-ranking American player. He has not mentioned walking 500 miles to see her play, however. The two whose collision he so keenly anticipates are Billie Jean Moffitt King of Long Beach, Calif., and Nancy Richey of Farmer's Branch, Texas, who share the No. 1 ranking as ineasily as Liz and Sybil in the days when they both claimed Richard Burton.

As the U.S. championships unfold, 22-year-old Billie Jean and 24-year-old Nancy will move about the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills as though it were the O.K. Corral. They are stalking each other. The girls last met two years ago in this same stadium, when Nancy's quarter-final victory gave her the No. 1 ranking all by herself.

Since then Billie Jean has made more prestigious progress. She won at Wimbledon in July, a triumph that symbolizes world supremacy, and she has been nearly invincible for two seasons on the U.S. grass-court circuit, a tour that Nancy has ducked.

"I want to play her so bad and settle this thing," says Billie Jean.

"Nobody," says Nancy, "wants to settle it more than I do. I think I'm better. I've beaten Billie Jean six out of seven times we've played, you know."

Normally at Forest Hills the women's singles is the undercard, but this year the pariahs of Billie Jean and Nancy evoke the atmosphere of the early '30s when

the two Helens—Helen Wills Moody and Helen Jacobs—were fighting it out for the championship and first place in the rankings.

Contrary to Clark Graebner's appraisal, the women's matches at Forest Hills often are more interesting than the men's. Limited in strength, the girls seldom play the stereotyped grass-court game played almost without exception by the men: wham-bam . . . wham-bam . . . wham-bam—and sometimes bun-wham.

Billie Jean buzzes the net like a torpedo boat approaching for the kill and overpowers most opponents, but she will have to work more thoughtfully against Nancy, who stands at the baseline like an offshore battleship, sending heavily paced salvos crosscourt and along the sidelines.

In winning at Wimbledon, Billie Jean beat two former champions—Margaret Smith and Maria Bueno—in succession. But a world championship in July is not much consolation in September if Billie Jean cannot win the championship of her own country at Forest Hills and free herself of the clinging presence of Nancy Richey.

Billie Jean has resented sharing the No. 1 ranking with Nancy since last February, when the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association voted to yoke them—an unprecedented decision. In the original list, which was recommended by the rankings committee and was expected to be routinely approved at the yearly USLTA meeting, Billie Jean was No. 1 and Nancy No. 2. Placing traditional emphasis on summer-season results, the committee felt that Billie Jean deserved top billing. She had done better at Wimbledon than Nancy in 1965 and had reached the final at Forest Hills after an undefeated grass-court season.

But when USLTA delegates from all over the country met in Palm Beach for their convention, overstuffed as ever with intrigue, the rankings were overturned. The Texas delegation, stumping for its candidate, put over a motion that the No. 1 ranking be shared.

Billie Jean justifiably feels that she was jobbed. "Politics!" she snorts. "You earn something on the court and then they take it away from you in a meeting, people who never saw you play. Why do they even have a ranking committee if they won't accept its findings? There are some things, your accomplishments, that should be beyond politics. What hurt most was that my own southern California people didn't stand up for me in that meeting."

"So I was Wimbledon and the grass-court tournaments in the East. So what? Last year proved that the only way they'll let me have No. 1 all to myself is if I win Forest Hills."

"And," she says impatiently, "where has Nancy been this summer? The same place she was last year—avoiding me. She doesn't like grass, so she won't risk her record by playing a single tournament until Forest Hills. It's worked out fine for her—she got the No. 1 ranking with me."

Nancy retorts, "Where was Billie Jean when I was winning the U.S. Clay Courts in Milwaukee? I understand she was playing an exhibition in Louisville. Is she afraid to play me on clay?"

"It's silly to say I'm avoiding her. In May I went to her home territory [California] to play the U.S. Hard Courts. I intended to face her there, but I was upset by Pat's Hogan and Billie won the tournament."

"To get ready for Forest Hills I rest, and just do some practicing," Nancy goes on. "I need to rest at this time of year. The rankings aren't just for the grass-court season. They're for the whole year, and during the ranking period I was the only player in the world with an edge over Margaret Smith. Wins on clay are just as good as wins on anything else. I don't like the joint ranking any better than Billie does. I feel I should be No. 1 alone, too."

Next week the talking will stop, and a lot of people are hoping they can walk into the stadium at Forest Hills along with Clark Graebner and watch Billie Jean and Nancy settle this thing in the women's finals.

END



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BRIDGE/Charles Goren

Two swings to a knockout

Two sensational slam hands provided the big "swings" at Denver in the battle for the Spingold Trophy, emblematic of the Masters Knockout Team title won by Ira Rubin's group. The first occurred in the semifinal between teams captained by Edith Kemp and George Rapoe. Edith had benched herself with a headache and a 17-IMP lead after having played a magnificent third quarter with Cliff Russell that was watched by some 500 kibitzers via the giant Bridge-O-Rama. In the final quarter, however, Rapoe's bombers rallied to win by 22.

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		♣ Q 9 6 4	♣ A K 2	♣ 10 8 5

SOUTH (4=only)	WEST (4=only)	NORTH (4=only)	EAST (4=only)
1♥	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♥	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead, 4 of diamonds.

Ogust viewed his North hand as a liability if East and West got together on spades, so he decided to put in the first spade bid. Paul Levitt's natural enthusiasm for this response had to be corrected to five hearts. Levitt then assumed that his partner had slam ideas.

East won the first diamond and tried to cash a second trick in that suit. Declarer ruffed, cashed the heart king and led the top clubs, hoping to drop the

queen. When that failed, he went to dummy with the ace of hearts, took a successful spade finesse, discarded North's jack of clubs on the ace of spades and tabled his hand, claiming the slam. Needless to say, the Kemp team settled for four hearts on their North-South cards—thereby losing 13 IMPs. That left the field to Rubin and Rapoe for the 72-deal final, and though it took 71 more deals to make the result official, the match actually had been decided by the very first deal.

Neither side vulnerable	South dealer	WEST	SOUTH	EAST
		♠ J 7	♠ A 4 2 10 8	♠ 9 5 4 3 2
		♥ K 9 7 4	♥ A Q 3	♥ J 10
		♦ K 9 7 4 2	♦ 4 3	♦ J 6 5
		♣ 9 7	♣ Q J 8 6	♣ 10 4 3

SOUTH (4=only)	WEST (4=only)	NORTH (4=only)	EAST (4=only)
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
2♠	PASS	3♥	PASS
3♥	PASS	4♥	PASS
4♥	PASS	6♠	PASS
PASS	PASS	7♠	PASS

Opening lead, 9 of clubs.

The consensus was that North's three-heart bid was the cause of getting to a grand slam that required taking the right finesse and getting some good breaks. Rapoe didn't want to get to seven, but by the time the auction reached six clubs Sidney Lazard had not supported his partner's hearts.

Mathematically, the diamond finesse seemed to offer the simplest chance. If it succeeded, South could trump a third diamond, and any reasonable spade break would let him take three heart discards from his hand, making the heart finesse unnecessary. But the diamond finesse lost. The heart finesse would have won. West would have been unable to guard the heart suit and the diamond king as well, so that if South had guessed the situation he could have made all the tricks.

At the other table Ira Rubin and Curtis Smith stopped at six clubs and made it for a swing of 970 points—13 IMPs.

END

Wearing Hart Schaffner & Marx suits

didn't make Harold Murray president of the student body of the Columbia Graduate School of Business



(But he thinks it helped.)



A Road Runner's Bonanza, or,



"Let's spend our vacation in New England," said the author, whose motives were ulterior. While the family rode the Ferris wheel he would run mud races and win Good Prizes and Top Trophies. He might even meet stiff competition, if spectral Johnny should ever materialize

Has Anybody Seen Kelley?

BY HAL HIGDON

There I was at 6 in the morning in shorts and T shirt, padding along the road that runs Niagara Falls on its Canadian side. The sun was rising over the Rainbow Bridge. Spray from the falls wet my brow and fogged my glasses, but where 12 hours before thousands had elbowed each other for gaping space only one or two now stood, and you suspected maybe they had not gone to bed. My wife and three children had. They slept blissfully in our motel as I ran on. What looked like a beaver skittered across my path and plunged into some bushes toward the river's edge. Did he plan to dam the Niagara? "Give up!" I was tempted to shout after him. He might have flipped the same words back at me.

What was I, a 34-year-old man on his vacation, doing running along the rim of Niagara Falls? The answer may not satisfy you, but it did me then. I was getting ready for my New England summer. To the long-distance runner, and I am one, New England is Everest, Mecca, Kentucky Bluegrass. It is perhaps the single area of the country where one can maintain dignity running along the streets in shorts. Lodges, chambers of commerce and V.F.W. posts compete for athletes with so much enthusiasm that often you can hardly see the finish line for all the prizes and hardware piled up around it. New England's summer is the horn of plenty, the home of the free ham sandwich, the 25th-place medal for novices and the straggling long-distance runner coming over the last rise to happy cries of, "It's all downhill from here. Pops."

In planning our vacation last spring I had emphasized the picnic aspects to my wife, Rose. "After a race in New England," I told her, "you just don't go home. There's barbecues and bingo and fireworks. While I'm out on the course heaping glory on my slender shoulders you can give the kids pony rides." Then I dealt Rose the ace: awards, gleaming trophies, wristwatches, clocks, radios, tables laden with merchandise for all but the least talented. I quoted ecstatically from a New England running schedule.

roni.ord



"We'll travel first to Good Prizes," I announced, meaning a 10-mile handicap race in Salem, Mass. "Two days later it's Top Trophies. No telling where this will end."

"I have a good idea," Rose said.

With our children, Kevin, David and Laura, tied down in the back seat beneath a pile of coloring books, we had driven away from our Michigan City, Ind. home one Sunday morning in August. We planned a leisurely trip east via the Stratford, Ont. Shakespeare Festival, Niagara Falls and the homes of several friends. Driving through Hamilton, Ont., we stopped long enough to visit Ron Wallingford, who had placed two notches ahead of me in the 1964 Boston Marathon. "Ron's running 140 miles a week," his wife, Heather, informed us. Calculating quickly, I noted this bettered my mileage for the previous two months. It was pride and not insomnia that pushed me to the edge of Niagara Falls the following morning.

Two days later we had arrived in Salem, home of Hawthorne's House of the Seven Gables and a replica pilgrim village complete with ancient stocks. Stocks were used for punishment in colonial days. My own form of punishment would be to run 10 miles that evening in a road race sponsored by the Mack Park Association. I had called the sponsor shortly after arriving in town to confirm my entry. "Your family will enjoy the race," he informed me. "It's being held as part of a lawn party." Immediately I had visions of small children, but it turned out "lawn party" translates roughly into Midwesternese as "picnic."

The park where the race started and finished was crowded with bingo booths, goldfish bowls (you throw Ping-Pong balls into them) and milk cans which, when knocked over, committed you to ownership of a stuffed giraffe. A rock 'n' roll combo raised dust on the baseball infield; the three children rushed to ride the pony, and I walked more slowly to an open garage to dress for the race.

The place buzzed with the chatter of runners. An old friend, Tony Sapienza, was passing out entry blanks to a Sons of Italy race coming up later in the season. Officials shouted for runners to pick up their numbers. "You have 14 minutes' handicap," Handicapper Fred Brown told me. "Kelley and Buschman are behind you at 15." I was both pleased and insulted, happy with a full minute's head start on John Kelley and Ralph Buschman, but insulted that I was not rated with them. Buschman had been the first American to finish in the Boston Marathon earlier in the year. Kelley, of course, had been America's best long-distance runner for the last dozen years. He had not entered himself and, of course, would not show up, but Kelley (as I later discovered) is part of the planning of all New England road races. His name gets listed mysteriously on programs he has never even heard of. In New England you always run against the specter of John Kelley.

My handicap meant that the weakest runners would start first, and 14 minutes later I would be permitted to run. Between them and me were nearly 100 runners, but in a handicap race it is not the first off the line you worry about. You

fear the unknowns with five- and 10-minute leads who have been practicing in secret at 2 in the morning.

Suddenly a burst of noise erupted in the center of the room. Joek Semple, trainer for the Boston Athletic Association, was mouthing off in a Scottish accent and wagging a finger at a blond runner wearing glasses. Almost at once Handicapper Fred Brown moved over and, consulting with Semple, added four minutes to the boy's handicap. "Yoor too good a runner to start so early," snorted Semple. The boy, who probably should have been angry at losing his chance for an easy prize, looked pleased as Punch.

As I walked to the starting line Semple explained the course to me. "Most New England 10-miles are short," he advised. "This one happens to be a wee bit loong." From the way he stretched out "loong" I surmised (rightly) that the course must be close to 11 miles.

My wife and children, their pony-riding over for the time being, were waiting to watch the start. As the gun sounded a handful of runners plodded off, but I stood riveted to the ground like the Minute Man monument in Concord. "Run, Daddy, run!" shouted my oldest boy, Kevin. "Why aren't you running?"

"That's what I'd like to know."

When it came my turn I jumped half a step before the timer yelled, "Go." Within two miles I had caught the runner who had started a minute before me, Tom Laris, formerly of Dartmouth. But by five miles Buschman came steaming by us, and I suddenly wished it was one of those short New England 10-miles. I thought I passed half the population of Salem in the last two miles, but when I reached the finish line I had only improved to 19th. Buschman, who was bothered by a cramp in his side, was seventh. Laris, with a better kick, finished fourth.

Only one cold-water shower was available for the 80 runners, but scattered over a long banquet table was enough merchandise to have stocked our local J. C. Penney store. Unluckily, by the time 18 other runners had selected their prizes, my choice had been narrowed to a toilet seat and a pair of laundry bags. One of our toilet seats at home indeed needed replacing, but our automobile trunk already bulged and my mind recoiled at the thought of standing before several thousand spectators at a lawn party and being handed a toilet seat. I chose the laundry bags.

The day after my humiliation at Salem we drove to Cape Cod and our rented cottage near East Sandwich, which we had located with the help of Stuart Adams, one of Semple's B.A.A. marathoners.

"Where is our next race?" my wife asked me shortly after we unpacked our bags.

"That's right," I said.

"What?"

"Not what, Ware!"

"Where?"

"Ware! That's the name of the town: Ware. Wa-are!"

Thus the following morning we climbed back into the car and headed toward Ware (pronounced "where").

continued



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about 60 miles west of Boston. I had allowed myself four hours for the trip, because we planned to eat a relaxed picnic lunch by the road and still arrive with sufficient time for me to warm up. We had not gone five miles (or eight antique shops, as distances are sometimes measured on the Cape) before I recalled having left the entry blank on the kitchen table. It was not important, except it listed where the race started. Rose suggested we return for it. "It's a small town," I rationalized. "Everyone knows about the race. Besides, we have plenty of time."

But on the highway leading north from the Cape our engine sputtered and then died. "Oh, boy," shouted Kevin. "We're stalled!" To him parking by the roadside with your hood up was some sort of status symbol. I failed to share his enthusiasm. By hanging on the carburetor with a tire iron I got the engine to cough back to life. We traveled the rest of the way with me working out on the carburetor like Gene Krupa on a snare drum. It was thus that we arrived in Ware a mere half hour before the race's starting time.

I spotted three men sitting on a bench near the town hall. "Can one of you gentlemen direct me to the road race?" "Nope."

Hopefully I prodded again. "A road race. Isn't there a race here in town?"

One of the men eyed our battered car suspiciously. "You planning on racing your auto, sonny?"

"No, I'm racing me! What I mean is, it's a running race."

"I think he wants the Austin Rod and Gun Club," one of the men finally volunteered. Several sets of directions, three wrong turns and 15 minutes later we thundered to a halt in front of a deserted Austin Rod and Gun Club. Inside the clubhouse three other old men sat on barstools trying to outstare Sandy Koufax on television.

"Is this where the road race starts?" I begged.

"Nope," said the bartender. "You want the Nenameseck Rod and Gun Club. Other side of town."

The man took compassion on me and drew a map—probably because I had my head on the bar and was crying. We finally arrived at the right rod and gun club, which was at the end of a dirt road atop a wooded hill several miles out of town. The club was so well disguised that a U-2 plane would not have noticed it. It was five minutes before the start of the race, and I was shaking. I was handed a cardboard number and two safety pins.

Almost immediately dust was being thrown in my face by the retreating feet of maybe 80 runners. I took off in panic. Eventually I worked my way near the front of the pack. Midway through the race we strode past the Ware city hall and the same three men who had earlier misdirected me. They did not so much as look at us.

Meanwhile, back at the Nenameseck Rod and Gun Club, Rose was making friends. Several people were there whom she had seen at the Salem race two days earlier. Not only do many of the same runners show up at most of the New England races, but there is an army of camp followers—mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, children, parakeets

—who stand around and fraternize while their athletic heroes pace through the countryside. Camp following is far from an unpleasant chore, since often the running is merely sauce for the real thing. In the case of the Nenameseck Rod and Gun Club the real thing was not shooting. I had the distinct feeling Song and Beer Club was more like it.

I had been given No. 1 to wear on my chest for identification. Half an hour after the start a car roared into the club parking lot, screeched to a halt, and a woman leaned out the window. "No. 1 is No. 1," she cooed at my wife. A few minutes later I staggered across the finish line 100 yards in front. "A new record!" roared one of the officials after glancing at his stopwatch, and the several hundred Nenameseck rod and gunners raised their glasses in approval. "A record?" I asked when I had regained my breath. I did not think I had run that hard.

"Well, it's a new course," a man said. "They lengthened it from last year to make it 10 miles."

I remembered what Semple had told me about most New England road-race courses being "shorted." "Then it's an honest 10," I said.

"The old course was 7½. This one's closer to eight."

"Where is our next race?" Rose asked as we drove back to the Cape.

"Not Ware," I jocularly. "It's Holden."

"Let's not," she moaned, "start that again."

But between Ware and Holden was a week on Cape Cod. Our cottage stood only 48 seconds, as the sprinter flies, from Massachusetts Bay. The beach was rockier and the water colder than back home in Indiana, and 3-year-old Laura said, "The water has sugar in it." So much for swimming. Once during the week we visited Hyannis and, in an act of

continued



Inside the clubhouse three other old men sat on barstools trying to outstare Sandy Koufax on television.



After we had been standing on the sidewalk for a few seconds we suddenly realized he had quit.

valor unparalleled in the history of American tourism, made no effort to invade the Kennedy compound. Another day we visited Plymouth and approached an impressive pavilion. Kevin seemed sufficiently awed until we looked inside and he saw it was only a rock. So much for history.

I casually mentioned my *Mayflower* ancestry to Stu Adams when I worked out with him later that day. Politely he inquired who the ancestor might be, and my chest swelled with pride as I answered, "George Soule."

"Is that right?" replied Stu. "He's one of our ancestors, too. We have seven *Mayflower* ancestors, you know." Scratch genealogy.

Most afternoons while I was on the Cape I ran with Stuart along the Cape Cod Canal. The prevailing winds made outward passage difficult but would push us on our return home. Stu would sound apologies for his slowness and invite me to run on ahead alone. Meanwhile I would be running so hard trying to match his pace that I could not answer back and would finally crumple on his lawn with my eyes blanked out like Little Orphan Annie's. One afternoon I spotted another figure running along the opposite bank of the canal. "That's Mike Bigelow," said Stu and explained that Bigelow, another B.A.A. marathoner, lived at the other end of the canal and on the opposite shore. While Stu ran in one direction, Mike chugged in the other. They would pass like ships in the night with only an occasional shouted hello serving as a link between them.

That Saturday we found Holden (about 40 miles west of Boston) without difficulty. So, unfortunately, did Buschman. I knew I would have difficulty beating Ralph on conditioning, but perhaps I could beat him by wile. "I know now why you had stomach cramps in your last race,"

I told Buschman when I greeted him at the starting line. "Why's that?" he asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Appendicitis!"

Buschman rolled this over thoughtfully like a connoisseur sampling wine. "I was reading about you the other day," he answered finally. "You ran way back in the 1952 Olympic Trials, eh? Remarkable."

Buschman beat me in the race, too, by the desperate tactic of beginning his sprint when we had five miles to go in a 5½-mile race. For the remainder of the race I concentrated on the scenery, which included groves of fir trees, a crystal-like reservoir and Buschman's footsteps. I planned ahead to the next day's race in Warren, R.I.

At any race, particularly one where valuable prizes are offered, the better runners dress with one eye cocked toward the door lest someone enter who might threaten their chances that day. New England athletes have their pecking order, with everybody more or less knowing who will beat whom. As I walked into Warren's Mary V. Quirk School, the heads turned, and you could see the numbers turning over like digits on a speedometer: from sixth to seventh, from 11th to 12th. Kelly was not there, but sitting on a bench was Jim Keefe, who had run on the U.S.-Russian team several years ago. "Who let this ringer in?" asked Keefe.

I was pleasantly indignant.

With the crack of the starter's pistol the field arranged itself behind a heavily muscled lad who, from the shouts of the crowd, must have been the mayor's son. A police car with flashing light led him, and we all trustingly followed for perhaps three-quarters of a mile when the local lad veered to the right. After we had been standing on the sidewalk for a few seconds we suddenly realized he had quit. Tony Sapenua, who earlier had been passing out more entry blanks to the Sons of Italy race, now had the lead.

In my own analysis of the pecking order before the start I had rated myself no better than fourth, but I forgot to mention this to the other runners. After struggling stiff-leggedly in the rear for four of the five miles I suddenly found myself in the lead. I sprinted home before a crowd of several hundred bathers who had deserted the beach long enough to applaud me.

"It's a course record," a man said.

"Did I run that fast?"

"No, it's a new course."

A band that had been at the Newport Jazz Festival stopped its infernal playing to permit trophies to be presented. Clutching my Joseph Nicpon Memorial Trophy with one hand and David with the other, I wandered through a veritable wonderland of elephants, camels and amusement rides for kids. But we could not stop. The real loot was being dispensed at a beer-and-Polish-sausage party at a nearby firehouse. My mouth watered, not at the Polish sausage but at both the quality and quantity of the merchandise on display: lamps, glassware, ties, shirts, a box of cigars, a can of paint and, best, a combination barbecue grill and rotisserie. Great, only what do you do with a com-

bination barbecue grill and roisserie when you have to cram half a dozen suitcases, one wife and three small children into one compact sedan? You settle for one of those wrist-watches that people wear on TV commercials when they dive off the rocks at Acapulco. The grill went to second-place finisher Amby Burfoot, who had wisely driven to the race in a station wagon. The box of cigars went to John Hurley, who finished 39th and presumably will never do as well again after smoking up his prize. As far as I know, the can of paint is still standing on the Warren award table. Road runners are not that industrious.

Kevin began to organize running races around our cottage with his younger brother and sister and a blonde 7-year-old girl named Liz, whose family rented the place next door. Theirs was the world's shortest outdoor track, maybe 60 yards around on bumpy grass. One day Kevin announced the first race. "Two laps," he said. Liz bent him.

"Four laps around," he said a few minutes later. Liz won again. "Eight laps," said Kevin, who had discovered the secret of distance runners: if you can't run fast, run far. Liz, who decided to be the starter, had learned a lesson, too: if you can't make the Olympic team, become an official.

The following Wednesday we were back in Salem to help the town celebrate Heritage Days with a 10,000-meter race. I looked at the entry list and the runners in the dressing room and automatically awarded myself the first-place trophy. Somebody mentioned, "Kelley might come." I was past quaking at those foreboding words. But while warming up I noticed Tom Laris and frowned. He frowned back. Had he moved his estimated finish back from first to second, or was he mounting my imaginary head on his trophy room wall?

"Hi, Tom. Looks like you're limping."

"Hi, Hal. I think it's wonderful that you're still able to compete at your age."

At 6:30 more than 100 runners stood shoulder to shoulder in the Salem Common. The starter pointed to a narrow gate 100 yards away. We were to funnel through it. I took one look and jumped the gun. I slid around a peanut stand and through the gate into the lead, then slowed. I did not want the responsibility of the pace. Sapientia, ever present (he had been passing out more blanks), took the lead and held it with the help of George Starkus of the Wachusett Striders until there were two miles to go. Then I spurred and shook everyone loose except Laris.

As we neared the traffic-jammed center of town near the Salem Common I saw my opportunity, cut around the side of a Buick, dodged behind two pedestrians, straight-armed an old lady on crutches and shouted down a car that had tried to swerve in front of me despite the presence of a traffic policeman. I had the lead coming back through the gate. Suddenly I realized that in the near darkness I had no idea which way to go next. An official's shout reoriented me, but by then Laris had the lead, the impetus and the race. I received my second-place trophy to the accompaniment of a barbershop quartet.

"Where did you lose Higdon?" a reporter asked Laris. "One mile out? Two miles?"

"I think it was at the last peanut stand," said Laris.

I walked away from the award stand with Tony, who finished fourth. Tony was 36 and had been running even longer than I. He held the shiny silver trophy in his hand and sighed. "Even a mediocre runner can win two trophies a week in New England. They're nice at first, but pretty soon your basement fills up with them."

"It's better than rainwater," I said. Tony made me promise to come to the Sons of Italy race the following Wednesday. He thought that maybe John Kelley would be there.

The big race in New England over the weekend was in East Bridgewater, a short distance from the Cape. We decided to bypass it in favor of the Milk Run in New York, mainly because we wanted to visit the World's Fair.

We drove toward New York on Saturday. After a leisurely lunch we reached Mystic, Conn., home of John J. Kelley. I telephoned him. "Why aren't you down in New York preparing yourself for the thrashing you deserve?" I asked.

"Which nut are you?" he answered. When he found out he invited us over, and John and I spent most of the visit trying to impress each other with our complete lack of conditioning.

"I've been averaging only 10 miles a week," I said, "mostly on crutches."

"I do wind sprints every evening," said John, who was entering the Milk Run, too. "From the sofa to the TV set."

Before we climbed into our car John gave us directions to New York. "Go down Pequot Avenue for 379 yards. Turn left. In 742 yards you'll hit the turnpike. It takes 3½ minutes to run, but then you have a car."

We could have used John's help the next day finding the start of the run. There is something about me and starting lines. Predictably, we got off the subway train one stop too early and arrived for the race barely in time for me to tie my shoelaces. I was not the only one lost on the shores of the World's Fair. After almost four miles of running, the police car leading us disappeared, hopefully chasing a murderer. The entire field ran off course. When no one appeared to straighten us out, we headed back toward the starting line. "If the cops can't find 136 grown men running down the middle of the street in shorts," I said to Kelley, "I'm going to get a job as a New York burglar."

A policeman did rediscover us. We were running down a one-way street in the wrong direction. When he got us turned around Kelley had a lead on me. I caught him six miles later and eventually won by eight seconds. I was leaning panting against the side of a car when Kelley approached carrying a paper carton of milk in his hand. "Hate to do this, Hal," he said, and with that emptied the contents over my head. Milk cascaded over my glasses, down my shirt and into my Tiger shoes. The race, I suddenly remembered, was sponsored by the Metropolitan Dairy Institute. The drenching made for a funny picture in the New York Daily News. Good thing, I thought, the Br'er Rab-

continued

bit molasses people had not decided to sponsor the race.

Kelley, ever gracious in defeat, went over to congratulate my wife. "What did he say?" I asked her later.

"He wanted to know if the house gift we left him was poisoned."

My winning time was a record, of course, but the race established another first for me. I had been running in the Boston area for weeks without a line of acknowledgment from the Boston papers. But now that I had gone down to New York *The Boston Globe* had my name in headlines: KELLEY 2ND TO HIGDON IN 25 KM.

A single event remained on my schedule: The Sons of Italy race in Haverhill, Mass., Tony Sapientza's race, 10 miles long. In typical New England fashion, a host of awards was offered: for the first local runner, for the first high schooler, for the first finisher of Italian descent. "Do you get special consideration if your wife is Italian?" I asked Tony. Yes, he said, half a trophy.

During the weeks Tony had been passing out those blanks recruiting for the Haverhill race the big gag among runners was that only those Tony thought he could beat got them. Untrue. I got one, and I was favored over Tony. In case there were any doubts about that, Kevin laid them to rest—while Rose had behind the other two kids—shouting: "Daddy's going to win. Daddy's going to win!"

For some arcane reason known only to the officials we lined up at a street corner facing a direction perpendicular to the one we would be racing in immediately after the start. Noting the 90° turn dead ahead, I lined up on the far right. Thus when the gun sounded I was immediately in front, with the rest trailing out in single file behind me. On the first hill, however, I after-you-Alphonse the lead to Dave Dunskey of Northeastern University and to Sapientza.

A sound truck preceded us down the road giving a running description of the action. "It's the Sons of Italy race," the sound truck blasted as people fell out of their rockers. "Dave Dunskey is in front by 30 yards, followed by Tony Sapientza, with Hal Higdon of the Dunes Track Club of Michigan City, Indiana, the Midwest's outstanding long-distance runner, defector of Johnny Kelley last weekend, the first American to finish in the 1964 Boston Marathon, 50 yards behind." I loved it.

As I narrowed the gap between myself and the leaders I thought of the psychological advantage of having a sound truck on your side informing your opponent in stereophonic sound that you were first 60, now 50, then 40 yards behind him, until finally the nagging loudspeaker voice was a sword of Damocles hanging over his head. I figured that by the time I pulled even with Sapientza he would be a quivering shell.

Kids on bicycles followed the race chanting, "Come on, Mr. Sapientza." He taught school in Haverhill and, apparently, cheering your teacher is one way to raise your grades. But, despite their support, I edged closer. Tony failed to collapse when I rushed by, but the sound truck dutifully informed me that I was first 20, now 40 and then 60 yards

ahead. When the loudspeaker stopped giving the bystanders information as to Tony's whereabouts I figured either he had fallen into a manhole or he was now too far in the rear to deserve mention. Over the last few miles the loudspeaker began to inform people that I was, naturally, on my way to a new course record. Tony had the old one.

Afterward I asked Tony, "Did I break your record?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Don't tell me. They changed the course."

"Not exactly. They simply built a bridge over a long gully that we used to run through."

The trophies and prizes were presented in the parking lot behind the Sons of Italy Hall. For winning I was offered my third wristwatch in 10 days. I chose a transistor radio instead, because my wife wanted one for the kitchen. I also got the Somebody-or-other Memorial Trophy.

With the award ceremony finished we drove over to Tony's house for coffee and cake. Mike Buglow was there with his wife. So were Stu Adams, his family and some other runners from the B.A.A.

The Sapientza house had been furnished on the roads of New England. There were a toaster, an electric toothbrush, several mixers, a clock on the wall, pen sets, glassware and many, many other items all won during his travels around the horn of plenty. The Sapientza family, down to second cousins, had been outfitted with half a dozen wristwatches apiece. On the mantel in the living room stood a sterling silver beer mug won in a race in New London, Conn. For some reason the New London sponsors give trophies to the first three finishers and mugs to the next 10. Several years ago the runner in third place stopped five yards before the finish line and waited for the next runner to pass so he could get a mug.

I gazed in envy at the accumulation and inwardly cursed myself for having been born in a section of the world where the only thing you got out of a race was sunburn. "Very impressive," I said.

"Aha!" said Tony. "But come see this."

We descended a narrow stairway into the basement. Tony pulled a cord illuminating a single light on the ceiling. And, lo, in a corner where one might have anticipated a coal bin, stood a table laden with hundreds of trophies—gold, silver, marble, wood and tarnished brass—lurking beneath a dusty plastic covering.

"Go on, make me an offer," said Tony.

"Fifty dollars," I said. "You pay me, and I'll dump them in the river on my way out of town."

The next morning we were on our way to Indiana. Our trunk bulged with the suitcases and the winnings I had amassed: two beach bags (later given to my sisters-in-law), two wristwatches (one of which I kept), a transistor radio (which only plays rock 'n' roll music, anyway) and the trophies, all neatly dismantled into little pieces, wrapped in sheets of *The Boston Globe* and stuffed behind jack and spare tire, where they probably will stay until I get a flat. Oh, fabulous treasure!

END

A black and white photograph of Joe Namath. He is sitting on the ground, leaning forward with his arms crossed over his knees. He is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt with a subtle pattern and dark trousers. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression.

This man works only two hours a week.

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I added a four-pound largemouth to the stringer and eased it back over the boat's side. Laying down my rod, I relaxed for the first time in two hours of strenuous fishing. Being careful not to upset the tipsy pirogue, I stretched my cramped arm and shoulder muscles.

Then, as the young Cajun guide, Papite Bressard, slowly paddled the long, cigar-shaped boat down the familiar bayou, I glanced around me.

Everything was as I remembered it: the murky, shallow water, the imposing cypress trees dripping with streamers of Spanish moss, the stately herons and Indian hens going about the business of living with dignity, even the noisy kingfishers, skimming over the water and startling the swamp with rackety cries.

I could see that Papite was regarding me with interest. "The bayou, you like him, *heh*?"

When I admitted that I did, he sat thinking for a moment, then observed, "All of the bayou is good, M'sieu. But me, I like best the *evvetime*, the crawfish, for with him I make the gumbo. And the gumbo, well, only *le bon Dieu* can know how good the gumbo is."

I was on the bayou mainly to fish, of course, but when I planned the trip from Texas to Houma, Louisiana—my mother's birthplace—I also had determined to enjoy all the Acadian dishes I remembered so well from my childhood. And here was an opportunity to sample practically every Cajun treat in one evening.

"Papite," I ventured, "you know how much I enjoyed the hospitality last night at your *Tante Thérèse's* house. But I have never attended a real all-night *fais-do-do* [Cajun corruption of *fai-Dieu*, or Corpus Christi Day]. Can you get me invited to the one coming up tonight?"

I or a moment Papite looked at me in surprise. Then he said reproachfully, "Why you want to go by *fais-do-do*? My *Tante Thérèse*, she not fix plenty of gumbo [sic], *mouff* [meat stew] and boiled crawfish, no?"

Patiently I expounded on his *tante's* cooking, and the demeritas of thick, black coffee and chachou she had served us during the previous night of merriment and talk. Then I played my trump card. The *fais-do-do* is almost always an exclusive affair that few outsiders are allowed to attend. Party crashers are sometimes even chased away with guns and knives. That was why Papite was so upset. However relatives or friends of relatives

are welcome in any Cajun home and at any Cajun festival.

"You mean you don't want to invite your own cousin, three times removed?" I asked in a hurt tone of voice. "The husband of a sister of my very own mother was a cousin of Renard Bressard. Does that not make us relatives?"

Instantly Papite's swarthy face lighted up, and he smiled. "Ah oui? Why you not say? Now it can be arranged."

Though different from most Cajuns in that he had blond hair, Papite was typically Cajun. The word Cajun is merely a corruption of the more elegant "Acadian," but the appellation is considered somewhat of a slur, and one should never call an Acadian a Cajun to his face. Only the bayou folk and their relatives may use it.

The Acadians' banishment from Nova Scotia has been dramatized in Longfellow's narrative poem *Evangeline*. These were Papite's ancestors, who settled, after much wandering, in the bayou country.

They hunt and fish and trap, raise cattle and grow vegetables, which they peddle to middlemen. Acadians run the shrimp boats, they are skilled oystermen, crabbers and guides. Their favorite dish is undoubtedly gumbo, which they make from shrimps, crabs, beef or chicken—but most often from crawfish, for not only is the little crustacean a delicacy, but it is always at hand in every bayou, pond, river or ditch.

"M'sieu," Papite said, "if we go to the *fais-do-do* tonight we must catch up some crawfish to take with us. Everybody takes something to a *fais-do-do*."

The young Cajun reached under the small stern seat of the pirogue to pull out two lengths of twine, two tow sacks and a coffee can filled with one-inch chunks of salt pork. He grinned and explained, "Always I carry the crawfish bait and lines wherever I go."

Handing the articles to me, he pointed the nose of the little boat toward a nearby slough. Along the banks of this slough were many small chimney-like mounds of mud we both knew to be crawfish holes, or nests. Papite stooped, expertly whisked up one crawfish that had been crawling on the ground.

He threw it into one of the sacks, and we hastily rigged our lines by tying a piece of salt pork to each. For about three hours we averaged a catch every few seconds, until both sacks were filled with three-to-four-inch crawfish.

Crawfish, Cajuns and a Merry Old Gumbo Ya-ya

by DEV KLAPP

Usually *fais-do-dos* are indoor affairs, but this one was staged under a grove of wide-spreading oaks, not far distant from *Tante Thérèse's* house. There the earth had been packed and smoothed for an all-night jamboree. Pits had been dug for cooking and grills set up.

It took three pirogues and two *barreaux* (wide, flat-bottom boats) to transport *Tante Thérèse*, her spouse and her 14 children—and us—to the festival.

When we arrived the *fais-do-do* was well under way. Young couples were dancing on the packed earth, and dozens of older Cajuns were sitting about on camp chairs and benches gossiping and laughing. Others were tending the cook fires and provisions. Over one fire sat a great galvanized-iron washbowl of boiling salted water, into which two men were dumping live, washed crawfish. Papite, after introducing me all around as his Cousin Devereux from Houma (family names are seldom mentioned), added our two sacks of washed crawfish to the boiling water after carefully removing any dead ones.

Above the hilarious gumbo ya-ya (everybody talking at once) the musicians could be heard beating out catchy, foot-tapping tunes on a guitar, mouth organ and wheezy old accordion.

Then came time to eat. Three long tables, at least 30 feet from end to end, were set up to form a horseshoe and covered with bright oilcloth to protect them from grease spots. Full bowls of gumbo and steaming rice were brought to the hungry Cajuns, along with other delicacies, such as fried catfish, frog legs, jambalaya, oysters, crabs, chicken,

Continued



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Gumbo Ya-ya

hush puppies and French bread. Three deep bowls of boiled crawfish were served, one to each table. Guests gathered around these bowls, dipping fingers in and pulling out steaming crawfish. Papine and I joined the other crawfish grabbers eagerly.

To eat boiled crawfish properly, one must break the little crustaceans at half death: shake off the edible tail, remove the black vein thread that runs down the back, dip the meat in a handy bowl of sauce and pop the highly seasoned morsel into the mouth.

Under a big, bright moon rose above the cypress and oak. Old songs were sung with various groups suggesting their favorites, punctuated by frequent trips to kegs of strong New Orleans beer and sweetish orange wine from the Mississippi River Delta.

Not until a red sunrise silhouetted the trees along the eastern skyline did the *Acadian* break up. Married folk gathered up offspring and joined amorous couples and unattached groups to walk or stagger, according to the degree of inebriation, toward boats, autos and several one-horse buggies, to head for home.

Next evening I left the bayou, my ice chest packed with neatly cleaned bass and jars of gumbo and bisque. But all the way back to Texas my thoughts kept returning to the days I had spent in south Louisiana. Never, for me, had time passed so swiftly and so pleasantly.

The Cajun country is an angler's dream. Black and white bass, crappie and monster catfish are there for the taking. Fishing is good at any season, but spring is the best time to visit Cajunland. Then the bayous and lakes are blanketed with water hyacinths, waxy-white lilies and other water flowers. The birds are mating and sporting their most colorful plumage. The fish are striking like crazy...and the air is soft and spicy, smelling with the heavy scent of exotic blooms and Cajun cooking, for that is the time of year when Cajun women move their cook pots out of doors and M'sieu Crawfish comes into his own.

But, best of all, it is the time of year when a visiting angler is most likely—if he is wise—to be able to wangle an invitation from some Cajun family to attend a real, honest-in-goodness *farfado*. Should such a stroke of good luck be his, the experience, believe me, will be one that he'll not easily forget. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Wes Westrum of the Mets didn't gamble soon enough during the week, and Billy Hitchcock of the Braves gambled too often. But First Baseman Wes Parker's risky move kept LOS ANGELES (5-1) in the pennant brawl. Parker, who had been benched after Dick Stuart joined the club, made his gamble a bold one, going to General Manager Buzzie Bavasi and telling him flat out, "If the Dodgers want to win the pennant again, I've got to play." Bavasi and Manager Walter Alston discussed the matter and, after he returned to the lineup, Parker saved one game with his fielding and set up two other wins with a triple and a homer. Phil Regan went twice in relief, giving him 11 straight wins and a 12-1 record overall. Hitchcock gambled by twice walking Willie McCovey of the Giants to get at Jim Holt, who beat ATLANTA (3-3) with an RBI single and three-run homer. Westrum stood out too long with NEW YORK (1-6) Pitcher Bill Hepler, letting him "throw one more pitch" before bringing in Ralph Terry. Hepler's one pitch with the bases loaded in the ninth was a wild one, and it gave CHICAGO (3-5) a 3-2 win. A day earlier the Cubs also had the bases full in the ninth and won that game on Randy Hundley's suicide squeeze. Finding that some people regarded their Black Mover routines as distasteful, PITTSBURGH (4-4) players went underground, barring the press from future demonstrations. The Pirates twice had 17 hits in one game, and in another they had 13. In their first 130 games they had come through with 10 or more hits 70 times. After defeating the Pirates, Jim Bunning of PHILADELPHIA (2-6) said, "I enjoy beating them because I enjoy beating Harry Walker [owner 14]. He thinks he wrote the book on hitting." None of the Phillies had much to say, however,

after losing a day-night doubleheader to CINCINNATI (5-2). The Reds, who won 14-7 and 8-7, had 32 hits that day, six each by Pete Rose, Vida Pinson and Deron Johnson, who among them had a dozen RBIs. A .354 hitting spurge by Bob Aspromonte, who won three games in a row with a pair of singles, then a triple and finally a grand-slam homer, helped JACKSON (5-2) take five straight. Del Marvill of ST. LOUIS (4-3) admitted that he had spent the day avoiding Coach Dick Sisler because he was embarrassed that he hadn't been able to follow Sisler's orders not to pull the ball. That night, however, Marvill stopped pulling, went 3 for 3 and drove in two runs in a 3-0 win. Manager Herman Franks of SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) wanted to know if Juan Marichal, out for five days with a bad ankle, could pitch. Marichal, anxious to disprove talk that he is a hothead plant who wilts under the least pain, said sure. He went out, beat the Reds 7-3 and showed his durability by refusing even to remove his shoe after being hit by a line drive on what used to be his good ankle. Four days later he shook off the effects of a baseline collision and stymied the Dodgers 4-2 for his 19th win.

Standings: SF 16-54, PIT 16-54, LA 14-54, PHI 40-47, STL 47-45, CHC 46-46, ATL 42-48, NYG 50-70, NYL 56-75, CHS 44-73.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

BALTIMORE (2-4) Pitcher Steve Barber went on the disabled list. Brooks Robinson still wasn't hitting (.247 since the All-Star Game). Boog Powell, horsing around at a poolside swim party, fell and cut his forehead. But Paul Blair and Russ Snyder, two of the lesser Orioles, came through with game-winning hits; Vic Roznovsky, the least of the Orioles, and the ailing Powell need a league record with consecutive pinch hom-

ers, and collapse seemed far away. CHICAGO (3-4) could trace its worst week since early July to its 151 hitting. Joe Foy of ASTORIA (4-3) hit a two-run homer with two out in the ninth to edge the A's 8-6, then came up with a two-run double and a single to knock off the Orioles twice. Ed Kirkpatrick of CALIFORNIA (5-1) gave credit to his wife for his home run against the Yankees. Seamus told him over the phone that from what she could see on TV he wasn't crouching the way he used to up at the plate. The next night, getting down in his very best crouch, Kirkpatrick broke up a scoreless game with a two-run homer in the ninth. After Bert Campaneris of KANSAS CITY (3-4) was hurt for the third time this season by an umpire stepping on his hand with his spike shoes, owner Charlie Finley spoke up. His proposal, which is almost too logical to be acceptable to league officials: have umpires wear rubber cleats. CLEVELAND (2-4) dropped four in a row by a total of five runs. Conversely, WASHINGTON (5-4) took five straight by a total of six runs. Jim Kaat (below) kept MINNESOTA (3-4) in third place by shutting out the Senators and White Sox. Venerable Mickey Vernon of NEW YORK (3-3), at bat for the first time since being hurt 12 days earlier, overcame the Tigers 6-5 with a ninth-inning homer. Steve Whitaker, the newest Yankee, had two doubles, a triple and three homers, one a grand slam. Denny McLain of DETROIT (2-4), whose control had been so bad the week before that he tossed his glove into the stands when he was aiming it at the dugout, last week threw it again. This time, he aimed his glove high in the air in evaluation over an 8-0 shut-out. And this time he didn't miss his target.

Standings: BAL 83-47, DET 69-55, MIN 65-63, CHC 49-67, CHS 58-64, CAL 56-66, WSH 61-73, NYG 56-72, NYL 57-75, BOS 56-73.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

When left-hander Jim Kaat of the Twins held the White Sox to just three singles and beat them 1-0 last week, he became the first 20-game winner in the American League this season. Until then, few people had paid much attention to Kaat. Nobody has ever paid much attention to him, something that was evident after the second game of last year's World Series when most of the talk centered around losing Pitcher Sandy Kousser rather than around winning Pitcher Kaat, who had given only seven singles in a 5-1 victory. In fact, in the fifth inning of Kaat's 20th win, Owner Calvin Griffith of the Twins left to catch a plane. Anonymity comes easily to Kaat. Hardly anyone re-

calls that he won 19 games in 1962, 17 in 1964 and 18 again last season. Or that now, at the age of 27, he has amassed 93 big league wins. One of the few times anyone has noticed Kaat's pitching was years ago when his father caught him ducking out on law-mowing chores to play ball. "You can't make a living playing ball," said the elder Kaat. "You have to learn to work." Jim played ball, but he compromised by becoming a hard-working ballplayer. He worked to overcome a bad habit he had of pitching across his body. He worked hard on his control, he worked to develop a pitch he calls his "slurve," which is part slider, part curve. Now, with a 20-victory season, 24% consecutive scoreless innings and a 2.78 ERA, maybe people will finally begin to notice Jim Kaat.



TIWNS' JIM KAAT

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RIKE FEVER

Sirs:

The Sports Illustrated and *The Le Tour de France* (A Nation's Midsummer Madness, Aug. 22) Your way of covering the lesser-known sports certainly appeals to the many nonbaseball-basketball-football-oriented fans. Jack Olsen's article on the world-famous bicycle classic presented an interesting and amusing insight. Those of us who are active in cycling here in the U.S. agree with the statement, "Bicycle racers are 15 years ahead of other sportsmen. They are the most intelligent of athletes." We feel that they are also among the most dedicated and persevering of our athletes. Each summer the Amateur Bicycle League of America conducts road championships in each state, which are up to 120 miles in length. When you throw in a 95° July sun, steaming pavement, muscle-torturing climbs and 50-mile-in-hour descents, you've got to be truly dedicated to your sport to love it. Unlike the Tour de France, however, our gallery of fans is often composed of a couple of curious cows, a dog or two and, maybe, a startled chicken.

RAY GLEIST

Burrer, S.C.

Sirs:

Jack Olsen deserves the *wallop* award for his story of the 1966 Tour de France. Bike racing is relatively unknown in the U.S., except for a small minority of enthusiasts. Our enthusiasm is strong, but Olsen's article has aroused it to fever pitch.

HANK ROWE

President,

Akron Cycling Club

Burton, Ohio

BACKFIRE

Sirs:

So Jackie Stewart can drive a race car 100 mph *You're No. 2 You Drive Harder*, Aug. 15). Small! So Jackie Stewart has clean fingernails. Well, let me clue him in. So does A. J. Foyt. As for finesse and delicacy, I must agree that A.J. is a little lacking but, oh, boy, can he drive a race car.

I think Mr. Stewart is wrong in stating that men like Foyt cannot handle a rear-engine car because they lack sensitivity. I think if A. J. had the understanding and the experience that the British drivers have of the newer rear-engine cars he could beat Jackie Stewart any day.

MRS. JAMES HANSEN

Riverside, N.J.

Sirs:

I was very pleased that a story was done about me. However, I think Wm. Robert

Daley misunderstood my point of view regarding certain matters.

I have always been very pleased to be associated with Graham Hill on the BRM team. I have a great admiration for him. As for A. J. Foyt, I consider him to be one of the truly great race drivers in the world. If nothing else, I have learned one thing: great drivers can drive most any type of car, and I would certainly not want to take anything away from Mr. Foyt. But, naturally, American drivers have had to make many adjustments in driving technique for the type of cars used at the Indianapolis 500 today. They are like sports cars when compared to the roadster-type machines formerly used.

As for my success, financially, in the short period that I have been driving, I can only say that I have had some good advice from friends and am certainly in no position to say, as was implied, that I probably am the most successful young driver to ever come along. I enjoy racing tremendously—on the Grand Prix circuit and at Indy. I have been treated splendidly by the people at Indianapolis, and I only hope that I will have the opportunity to compete there again in the future.

JACKIE STEWART

Millon, Dumbarton, Scotland

SOUNDING OFF

Sirs:

It would be interesting to know the mental age and IQ of the guy who wrote the editorial on *Cassius Clay* and the Beatles (*Sports Illustrated*, Aug. 22). What "public," aside from the high school crowd, has been so mercilessly "entertained" by the Beatles, a combo that cannot carry a tune but only shout?

And who has been so marvelously entertained by Clay in his series of fights, which were anything but well matched?

Your assumption that these people should be allowed to shout off their mouths at will while everyone else sits back and says, "Isn't that cute?" is ridiculous. In my opinion a true celebrity carries himself with pride and dignity, not boastfully and pompously.

FREDERICK W. DOW JR.

Clearwater Beach, Fla.

HOOKED

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Ed Zern's amusing article, *Somewhere Was Fish About Stone-Average* (Aug. 22). It has to be one of the more humorous fishing articles ever written. Of course, I don't believe that Mr. Smythe-Preston does exist or, rather, did exist, but damn! I wish his wife hadn't killed him!

JOHN A. SPANGLER

Scotsmen, Pa.

NEW BREED

Sirs:

Thank you for your very excellent coverage of Jim Ryan's America's and the world's fastest mile ever (July 25 and Aug. 3). It was a magnificent performance, and we are all very proud of him.

Track and field is currently undergoing a dynamic and dramatic change, and Jim Ryan is the pacesetter of the new breed of athletes who are spearheading this change. Contributors to this revolution with Ryan are Gerry Lindgren, Randy Matson and Bob Seagen—to name just a few.

The records will continue to fall as these dedicated athletes continue their pursuit of excellence. They train long and hard, and they know no artificial barriers of the mind. Gone are the four-minute mile, the 60-foot shotput, the seven-foot high jump and the 16-foot pole vault. We are just now learning what the human body can do. It is a startling and wonderful revelation. If we maintain this attitude and I believe we shall, we will, indeed, witness the sub-3:10 mile.

JIM BRADY

Charlotte, N.C.

● As a former 190-mile record holder and the first man to run a sub-four-minute mile indoors, letter writer Brady has done some world-shaking himself. —E.D.

Sirs:

As usual, you have gone behind the headlines of a great sports achievement and told us something about the man. Those three minutes and 51.3 seconds on July 17 undoubtedly changed Jim Ryan's life as will no other similar time period in his entire life.

However, one fact that interests me and that was not reported by Gwilym Brown relates to Ryan's age. Surely no other runner has held the coveted world-mile record in the young age of 19. Right or wrong?

ROGER A. DREY

Cincinnati

● Right, Herb Elliott, who was 20 when he set the record in 1958, is the second youngest.—E.D.

ONE MAN'S FANCY

Sirs:

A resounding attie to William Leggett's article on major league scheduling (*The Long, Long Season*, Aug. 15). However, I believe he actually understated the case for a major revision of what is now an NBA-like shambles.

I am, simply, a fan whose love for baseball dates back to my first visit to the Polo Grounds in 1933. I have no official connection with the game at any way. However,

continued

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10TH HOLE

many years ago I began to wonder how the schedules were prepared, and as a hobby and an exercise in logistics I began voluntarily to try my own hand at the job. Naturally I wrote to the two leagues each year to offer my handwork, honest in my belief that I had found ways to avoid some of the anomalies that Leggett has noted.

The results were amazing. On one occasion I received a Warren Giles rejection letter degrading my work because in the NL schedule I had indicated night games and thus deprieved the owners of their prerogative! On another occasion Giles's rejection was based on the fact that there was one section of my schedule that called for St. Louis to be away from home on three consecutive Sundays (There are at least six such incidents in the NL this year.) Finally, when I attempted to submit a schedule that eliminated Leggett's specific complaint, by visiting Houston in the middle of a West Coast trip (thus creating close to 3,000 miles of extra travel for each of six teams), I was curtly advised that the NL way was the better and that I might as well stop wasting Mr. Giles's time.

I have no use to grind other than a desire to have the job done in the best possible manner. I have already prepared three alternate versions of the 1967 schedules, which I truly believe represent improvements over the existing travel-happy, shoehorned and patchwork programs. I have avoided entirely the question of interleague scheduling—not because I don't approve of it or because it couldn't be done, but simply because I find it hard to believe that the men who can't straighten out a one-league schedule would care to get involved in still further complications.

I cannot and do not ask your help. I am in no way a martyr or a crackpot, I've lost nothing, but I have to believe that baseball has

ERIC N. COOPER

Hartsdale, N.Y.

OUT OF THE WOODS

Sirs,

Concerning Barbara La Fontaine's two-part article on the Outward Bound School for girls (*Robes in the Woods*, July 11 and 18), I was one of those girls, and I think Barb did a wonderful job. Her conclusions are perfect and very perceptive. But there is one thing I would like to clarify for all the Dugby Butler Whitmans in the world: Mr. Whitman wrote (19th Hole, Aug. 1) that our solo survival was not survival, but fasting. He wonders what happened to the Camp Fire Girls.

Maybe that three-day survival was only a period of fasting for some of us girls. I know that it was for me. We knew that we couldn't die in three days, and we knew that we would be picked up again. But the em-

phasis was not primarily on survival—it was on being solo.

Before this, students had had to face situations that demanded teamwork. The solo survival was just another step in the Outward Bound challenge. To some of the girls it was the biggest challenge. Mr. Whitman said that it did not prove that we girls could "stay alive in the woods without help." Right. It didn't. It wasn't supposed to do that. It wasn't supposed to prove anything. Just sitting out there alone, no radio, no TV, no friends, no food, no shelter—strips a girl down to what she is. She will probably see what she is—perhaps for the first time and feelings of adequacy and worth may develop.

In 10 years with the Camp Fire Girls I have learned a lot. In one month at Outward Bound I learned more—more about me, more about other people. The two organizations cannot be compared.

Outward Bound is not something that everyone appreciates along the course—some go so far as to say they hate it. It is something that grows on you, and this summer I went back as a staff trainee, so that some day I can help other girls who will go back to their homes and find—as I did—that they no longer fit into the same old groove and that they like the new one better.

JOAN THAMES

St. Paul

SOCKDOLAGER

Sirs,

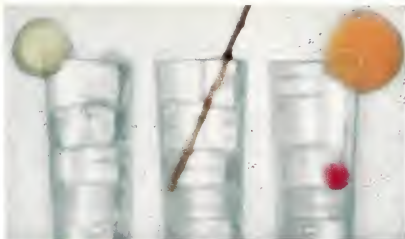
Reader Brian Daly (19th Hole, Aug. 15) is talking through his hat when he says soccer "is the fastest growing sport in America today," and "it will...enhance America's international prestige." We have too much prestige now. It's killing us. As for soccer, I saw the World Cup final from London on TV only because it was raining here and no good for "bean-hunting." My favorite weekend sport on the south Florida beaches.

Soccer will never go over big in the U.S. because it's too fast. No time to hawk hot dogs in the stands or deaden to TV viewers. It's dull and boring to watch. The uniforms have no glamour. There's no half-time show, no sex appeal, no Flipper in a tank, no clowns or scantily clad, legs young things prancing to swaying bands. No benches, no substitutions, no cigar chomping, grim-faced gents in snap-brim hats pacing up and down the sidelines and no time-outs while Mickey Mantle gets up to shove.

Soccer was popular in British-oriented areas of this country years ago, along with cricket, mumbly-peg, lacrosse, drop-the-handkerchief and croquet. But the Carlisle Indians and Pop Warner changed all that, thank goodness.

BOB MOSSMAN

West Palm Beach, Fla.



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(Ask any Tom, Dick or Harry who knows his gin.)



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